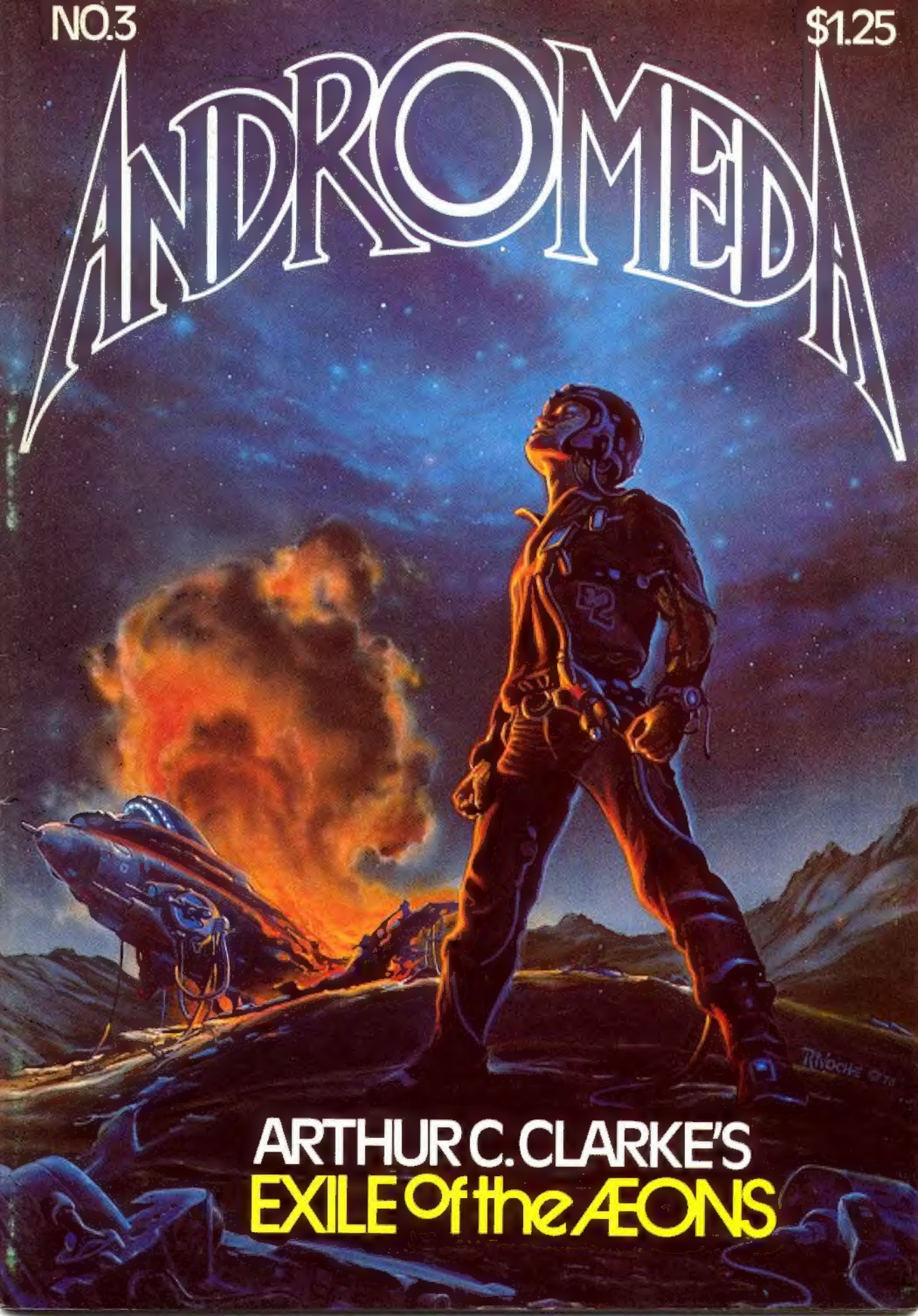
NO.3

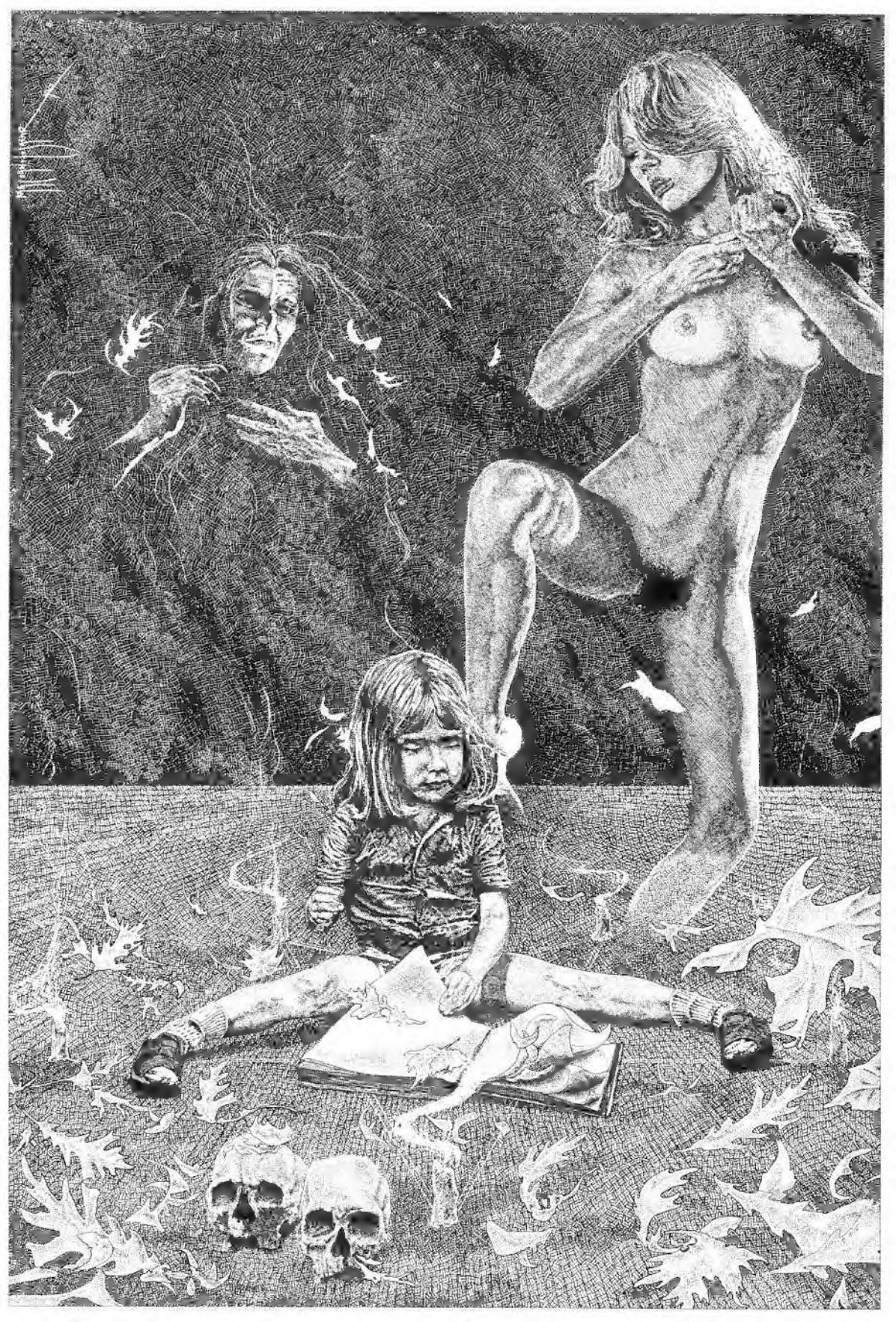
$1.25

ANDROMEDA



ARTHUR C. CLARKE'S

EXILE of the ÆONS



So this is *ANDROMEDA THREE*.

It is difficult to know what to say when the editorial page opens its gaping maw each issue. Does one discuss matters of the day? Review the publication's goals and intents? Address criticisms and complaints? Fill space?

With this issue, however, there is little problem. The fact is that we have now successfully completed our first year of publication. I think that is important. Granted, we've only four books to show for it, but that isn't the point.

The energy and enthusiasm of our artists and writers (and readers for that matter) hasn't waned in that time. Quite the opposite. And the result is in your favour. We are now able to release our books with greater frequency and to higher standards.

We're lucky. Everyone who works on *ANDROMEDA* cares about it as much as you do.

Special thanks to JERRY SNAPE, KEN STEACY, the SCOTT MEREDITH AGENCY, the boys at AMMO, and MIKE FRIEDRICH.

WIRELY L. WIREMIRE by Tom Nesbitt. . . . 2
In a typical fit of whimsy Tom decided to create yet another universe in which he could malign, abuse, befoul or even destroy whomever or whatever he wished. However, we only gave him one page, so that he couldn't do too much of it. He has threatened us with "future episodes," but we don't scare easily. He couldn't possibly come up with any more.

EXILE OF THE AEONS by Arthur C. Clarke, adapted by b. p. nichol, illustrated by Paul Rivoche. 3
When an artist takes a year to illustrate a story, you cross your fingers and hope that it turns out to be a worthwhile project. Paul didn't let us down. In fact, he has given us possibly one of the most exciting and provocative stories the comic book medium has yet seen.

Arthur C. Clarke needs no introduction from me. Suffice it to say that he is one of the most important writers of the century (science fiction or otherwise) and we are honored to be able to present this story.

HERE'S MUD IN YER EYE by Don Marshall 29
Don, who did last issue's front cover and this issue's back, treats us to this tale of life, love and death among the cosmos. Don's forte is the interplay between the humorous and the dramatic. He delivers the goods in his characteristically proficient manner.

Dean Motter

ANDROMEDA Vol. 2, No. 3 September 1978. Published by Andromeda Publications, owned and operated by Silver Snail Comics, Ltd., 321 Queen Street West, Toronto, Ontario M5V 2A9. Dean Motter and Ron Van Leeuwen, associate editors. Cover © 1978 Paul Rivoche. Frontispiece © 1978 Robert MacIntyre. Wirely L. Wiremire © 1978 Tom Nesbitt. Exile of the Aeons © 1978 Arthur C. Clarke, reprinted by permission of the author and the author's agents, Scott Meredith Literary Agency, Inc., 845 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10022, illustration © 1978 Paul Rivoche. Here's Mud in Yer Eye and Back Cover © 1978 Don Marshall. All rights reserved. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. No actual persons, living or dead, are intended or should be inferred. Founding publisher: Bill Paul. Distributed by Firefly Books, 2 Essex Avenue, Unit 5, Thornhill, Ontario, Canada. Printed in Canada.

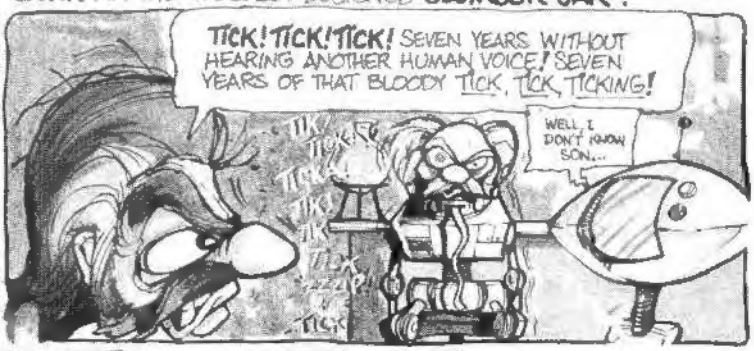
Cover by Paul Rivoche
Frontispiece by Robert MacIntyre

Contents Page by Paul Rivoche
Back Cover by Don Marshall

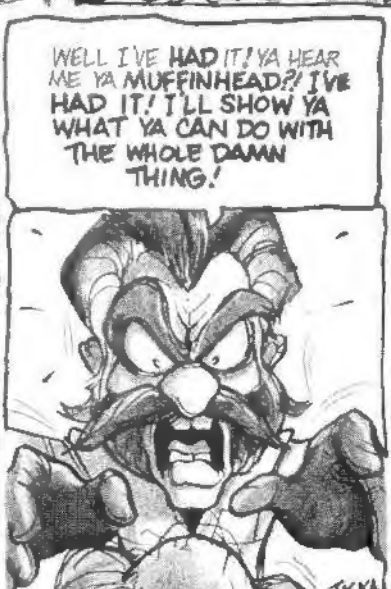
ANOTHER EPISODE IN THE ASTRO-SKIDS SERIES PRESENTING

WIRELY L. WIREMIRE

ON A LONELY, SECLUDED BIT OF **COSMIC DEBRIS**, SOMEWHERE IN THE ASTEROID BELT BETWEEN MARS AND JUPITER, SNUGLY RESTS A SOLITARY **SPACE STATION**. THE MASSIVE COMPUTER-RUN OUTPOST IS INHABITED BY A CREW OF **THREE**; ONE **HUMAN**, ONE **ROBOT**, AND ONE SORT OF **SOMEWHERE IN BETWEEN**. THE FIRST KNOWN AS **WIRELY L. WIREMIRE**, IS THE TECHNICIAN AND REPAIRMAN. (THOUGH THE ENTIRE COMPLEX IS DESIGNED TO REPAIR ITSELF AUTOMATICALLY). THE SECOND, KNOWN SIMPLY AS **'T.V.'** IS A COMMUNICATIONS ANDROID WHOSE SOLE FUNCTION IS TO **FOLLOW AND TRANSMIT**. THE THIRD MEMBER, **PROF. QUASAR**, IS THE VICTIM OF A TERRIBLE **PUDOZON REACTOR BLAST**, LEAVING ONLY HIS HEAD AND SPINAL COLUMN INTACT. THE GOOD DOCTOR IS DESTINED TO SPEND HIS REMAINING YEARS ENCASED IN A MAN MADE **'BODY BASKET'** OF WIRLY'S DESIGN. THE PROFESSOR, **HIS VOCAL** CORDS OBLITERATED BY THE BLAST, COMMUNICATES THROUGH A SMALL TICKER-TAPE DEVICE IN HIS NECK. (NOT YET PERFECTED) DESPITE THE FACT THAT ONE SIDE OF HIS FACE IS PARALYZED, THE DOCTOR ENJOYS A GOOD DEAL OF MOBILITY. EACH NIGHT WIRLY DISCONNECTS THE DOCTOR AND PLACES HIS HEAD AND SPINAL COLUMN IN THE SPECIALLY DESIGNED **'SLUMBER JAR'**.



AND IF IT ISN'T YOUR DAMN 'TICKING' DRIVING ME MAD, IT'S THIS MINDLESS TELEVISION WITH LEGS FOLLOWING ME **EVERYWHERE I GO!** ALL THE THING GETS IS REPRUNS OF 'MY THREE SONS'!



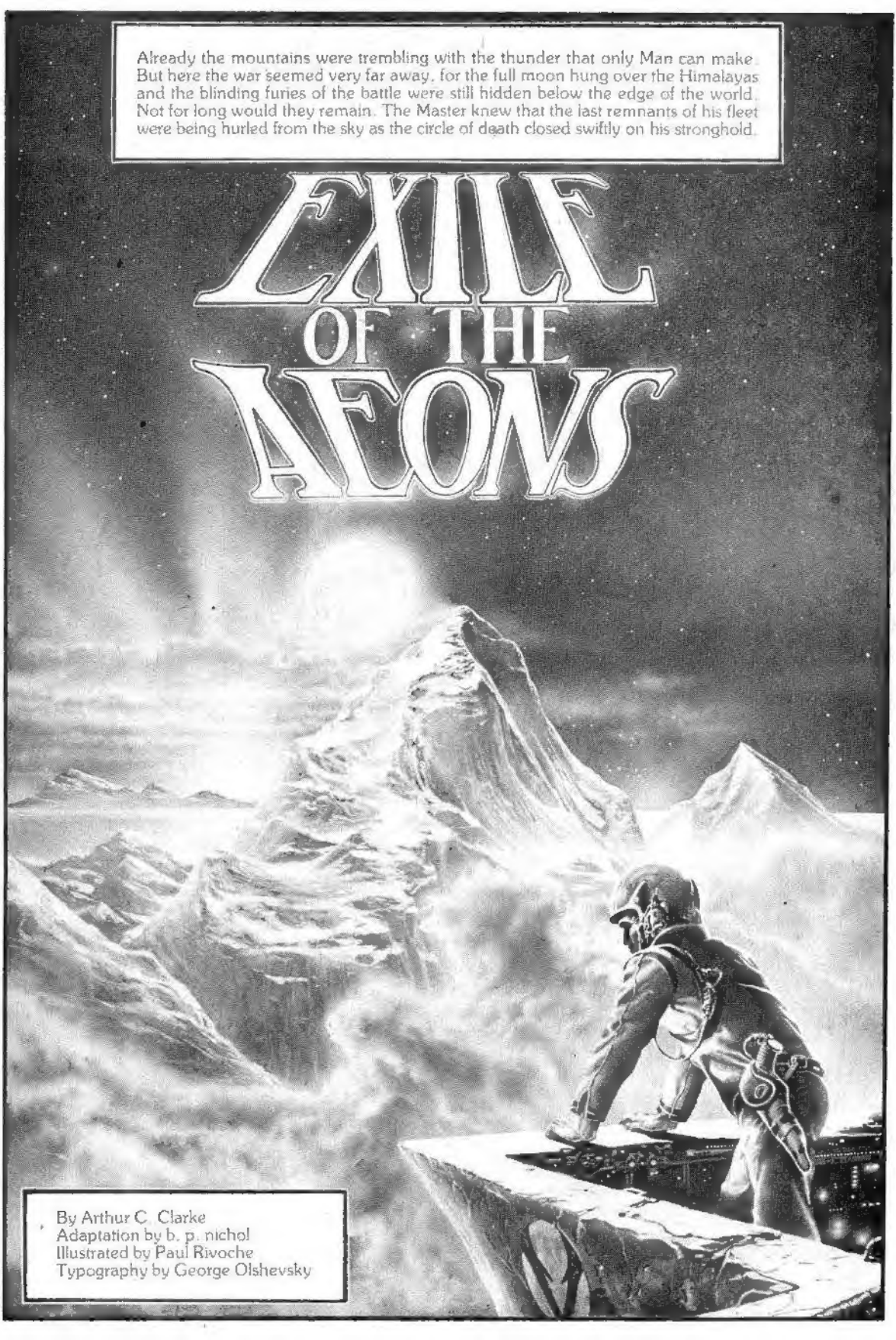
DON'T MISS THE NEXT CHAPT.

SURVIVAL!

'77 Tom Ressett '78

Already the mountains were trembling with the thunder that only Man can make. But here the war seemed very far away, for the full moon hung over the Himalayas and the blinding furies of the battle were still hidden below the edge of the world. Not for long would they remain. The Master knew that the last remnants of his fleet were being hurled from the sky as the circle of death closed swiftly on his stronghold.

EXILE OF THE AEONS



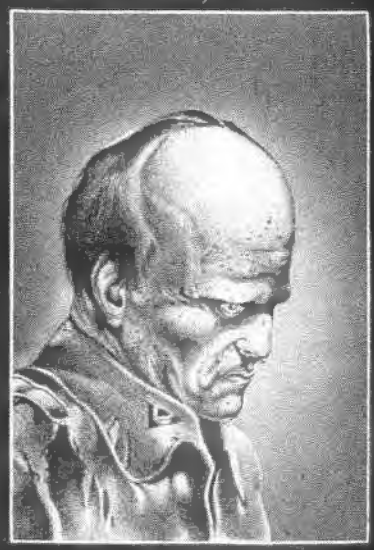
By Arthur C. Clarke
Adaptation by b. p. nichol
Illustrated by Paul Rivoche
Typography by George Olshevsky

In a few hours at most, the Master and his dreams of empire would have vanished into the past. Nations would still curse his name, but they would no longer fear it. Later, even the hatred would be gone and he would mean no more to the world than Hitler or Napoleon or Genghis Khan. Like them, he would be a blurred figure far down the infinite corridor of time, dwindling toward oblivion.

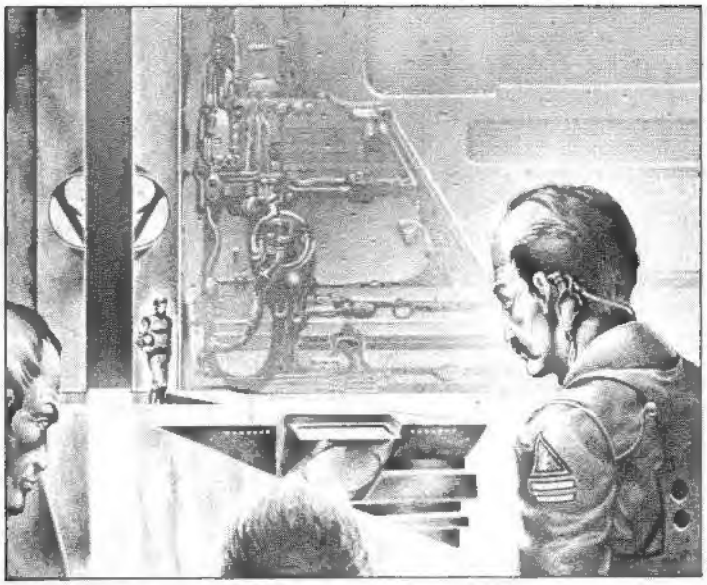
Far to the south, a mountain was suddenly edged with violet flame.

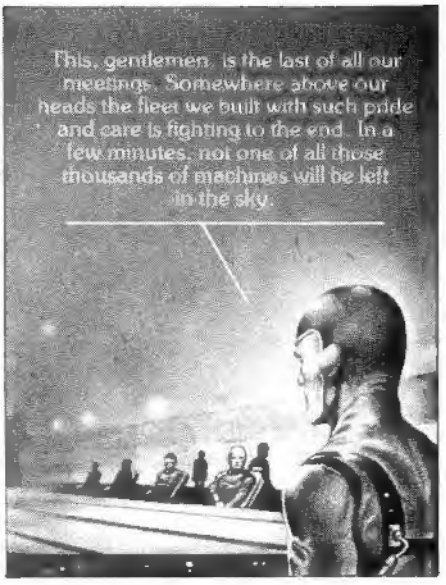
Later still, the air brought the echo to a mammoth concussion.

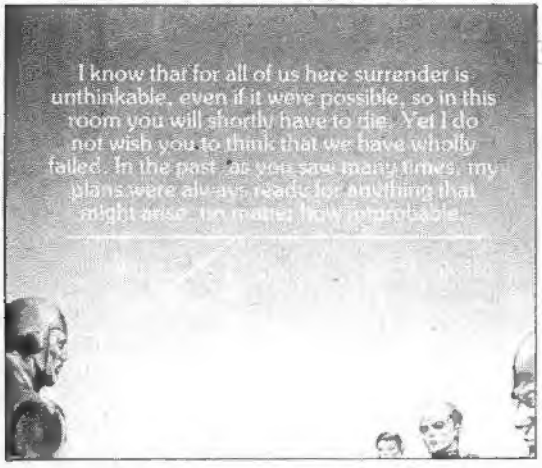
Ages later, the balcony on which the Master stood shuddered beneath the impact of the ground wave racing through the rocks below.

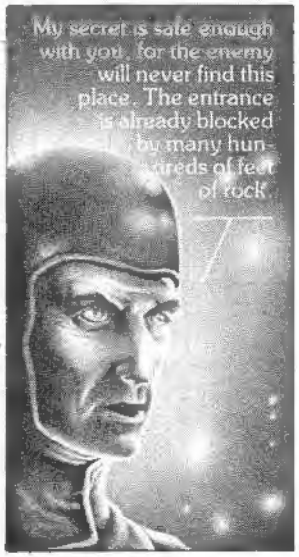


SHAFT-R
90

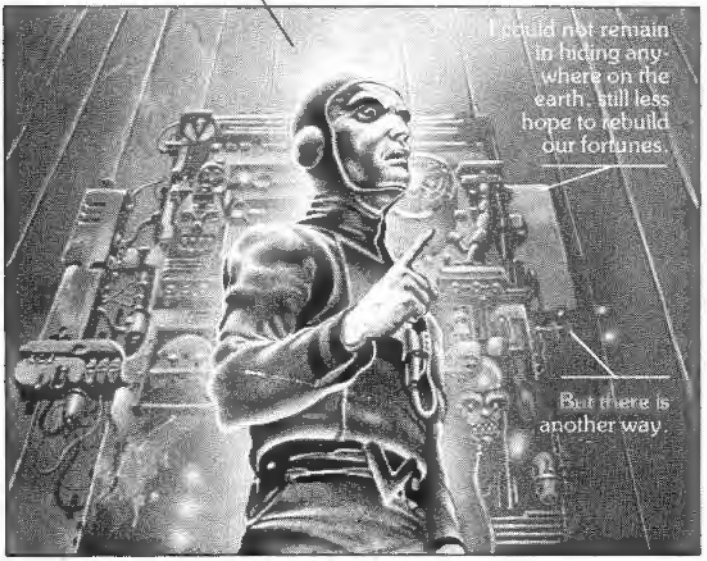


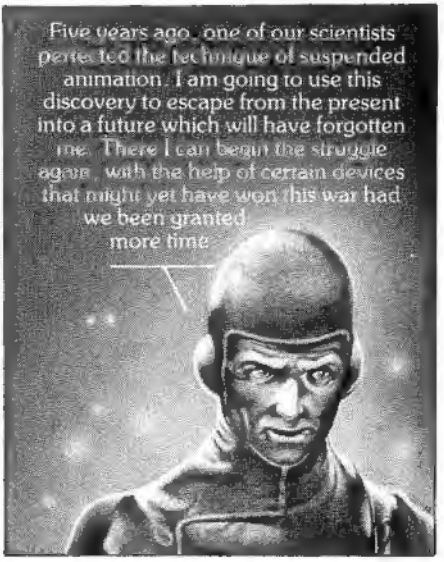

This, gentlemen, is the last of all our meetings. Somewhere above our heads the fleet we built with such pride and care is fighting to the end. In a few minutes, not one of all those thousands of machines will be left in the sky.

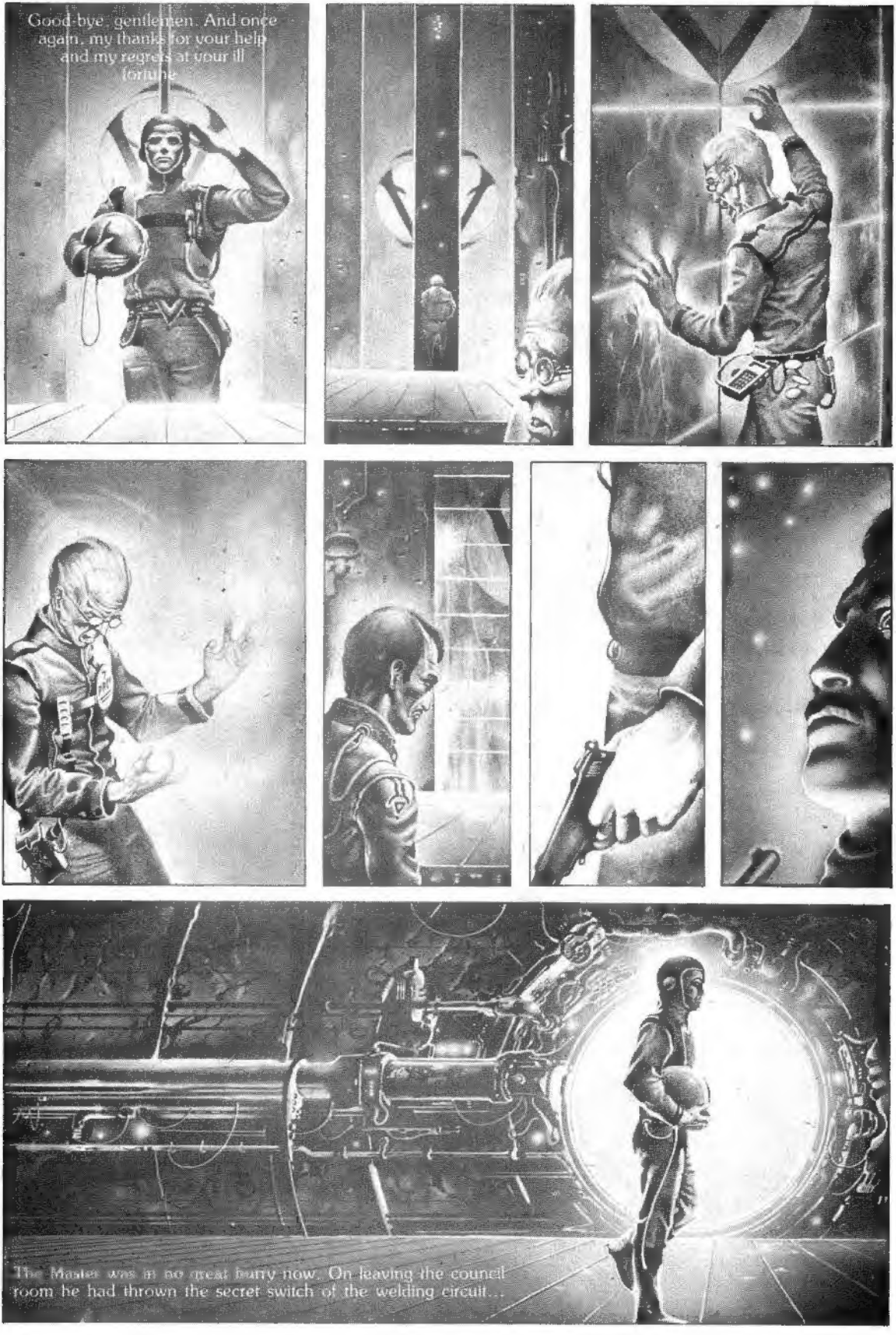

I know that for all of us here surrender is unthinkable, even if it were possible, so in this room you will shortly have to die. Yet I do not wish you to think that we have wholly failed. In the past, as you saw many times, my plans were always ready for anything that might arise, no matter how improbable.


My secret is safe enough with you, for the enemy will never find this place. The entrance is already blocked by many hundreds of feet of rock.

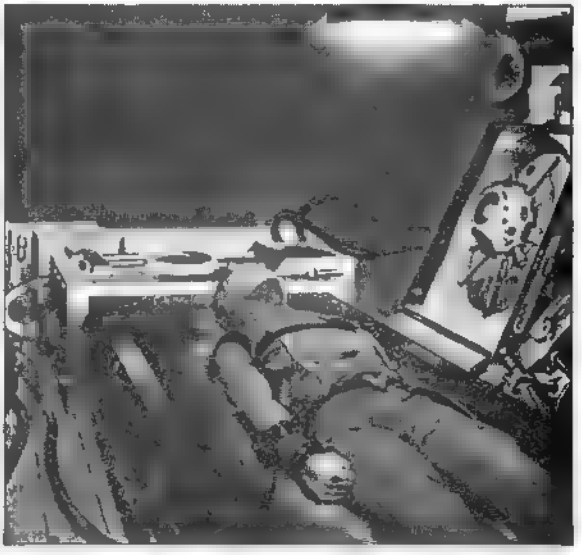
Two years ago, when we lost the battle of Antarctica, I made my preparations for this day. The enemy has already sworn to kill me.




Five years ago, one of our scientists perfected the technique of suspended animation. I am going to use this discovery to escape from the present into a future which will have forgotten me. There I can begin the struggle again, with the help of certain devices that might yet have won this war had we been granted more time.


Good-bye, gentlemen. And once again, my thanks for your help and my regrets at your ill fortune
The Master was in no great hurry now. On leaving the council room he had thrown the secret switch of the welding circuit...

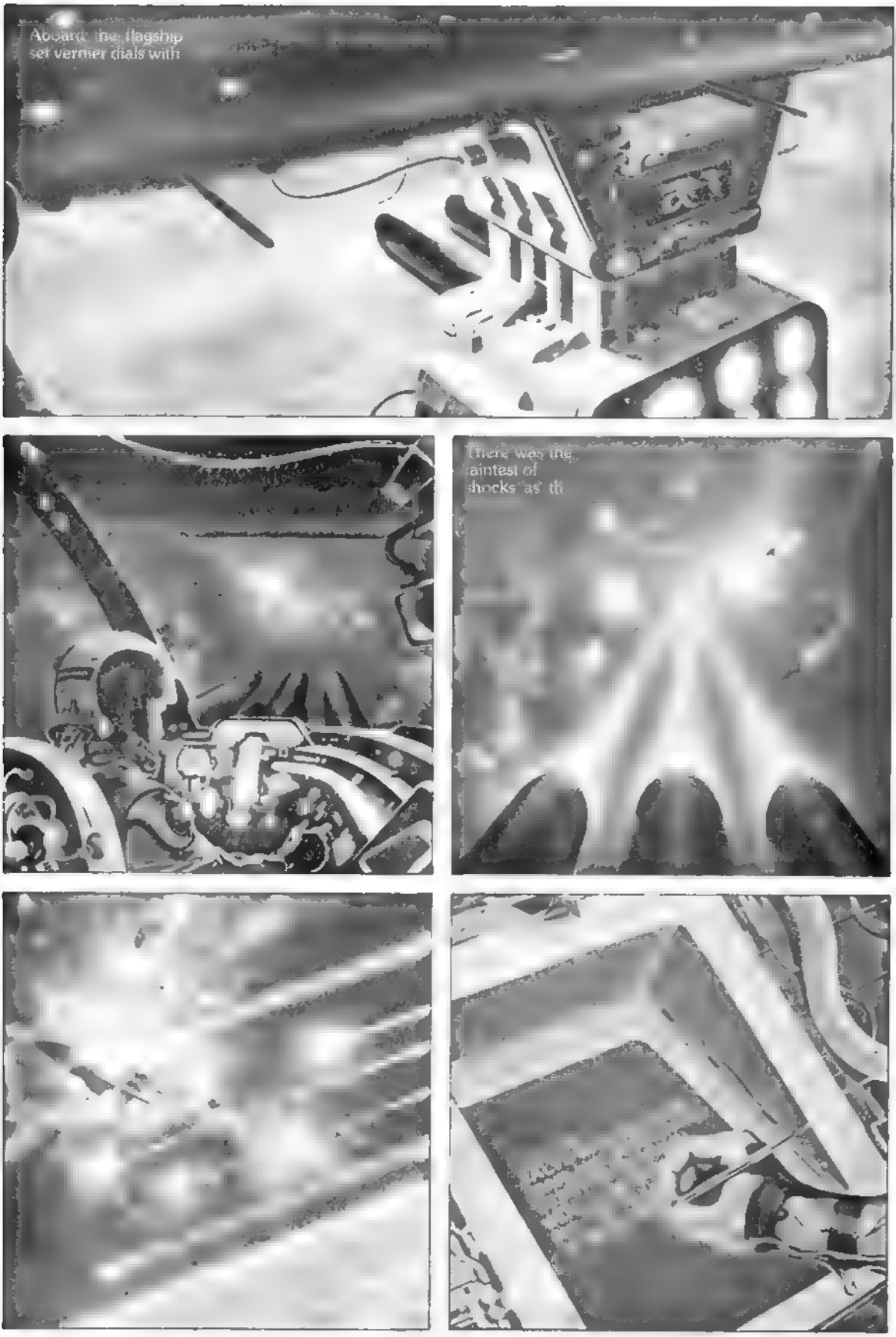
sleep unchanged forever

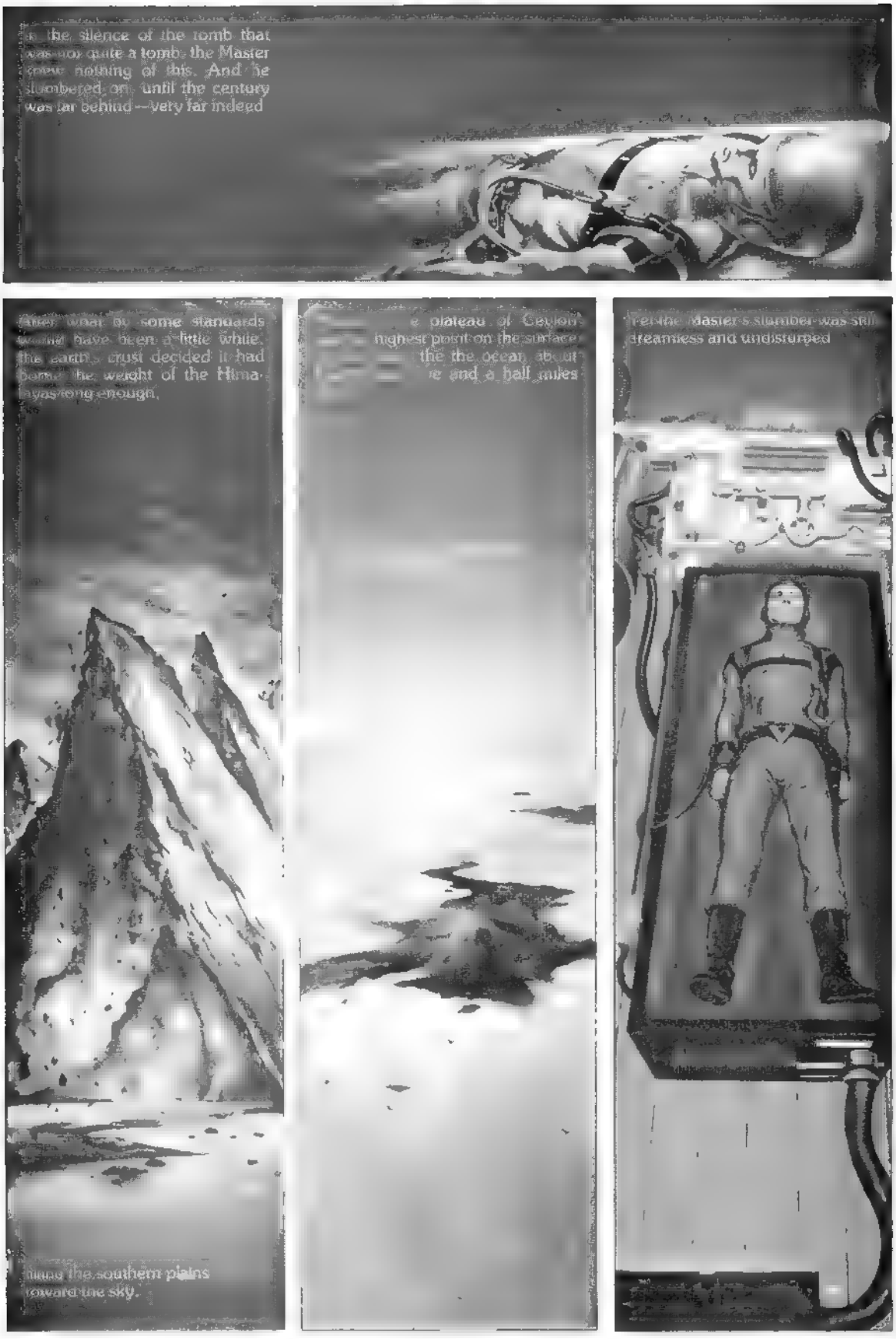


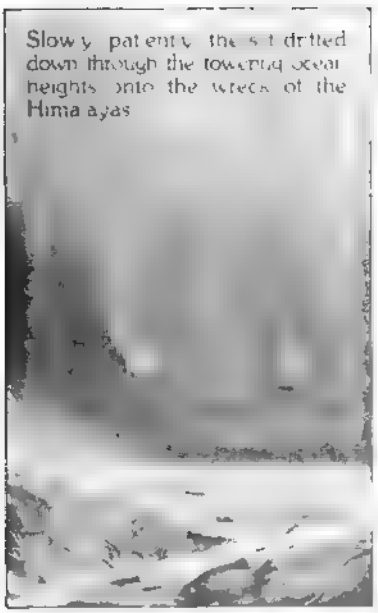
thermocouples hundreds of feet
fluid. He would awaken

to its end. Not a dozen of the Master
ships were left

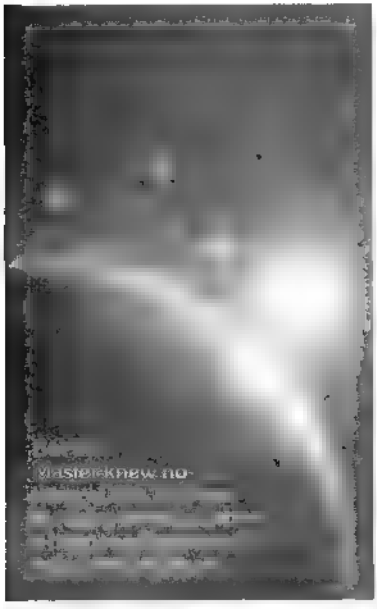
age raw with their fighter screens in the shelter of
the mountains, pouring salvo after salvo into the
doomed formations of the Master

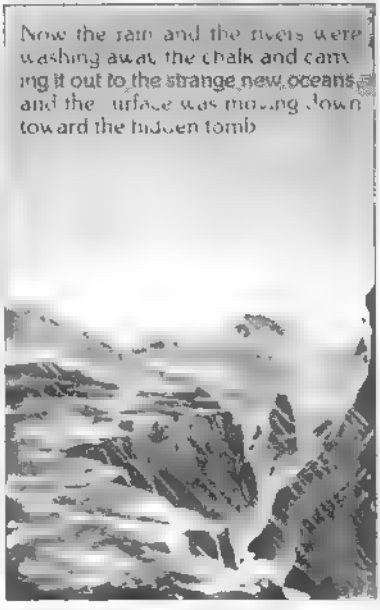

Aboard the flagship
set vernier dials with
There was the
faintest of
shocks as th

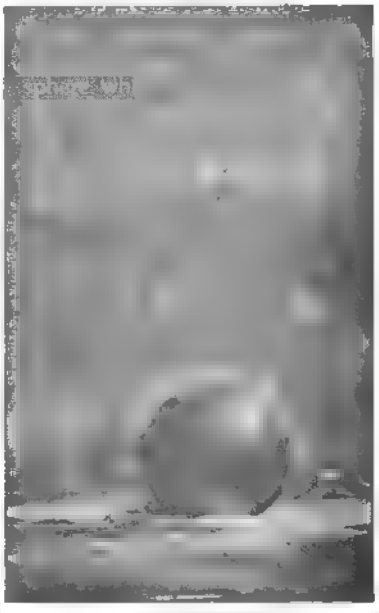

In the silence of the tomb that was no quite a tomb the Master knew nothing of this. And he slumbered on, until the century was far behind—very far indeed
After what by some standards would have been a little while, the earth's crust decided it had borne the weight of the Himalayas long enough.
plateau of Ceylon highest point on the surface the the ocean, about e and a half miles
rising the southern plains toward the sky.
For the master's slumber was still dreamless and undisturbed


Slowly, patiently, the dust drifted down through the towering ocean heights onto the wreck of the Himalayas

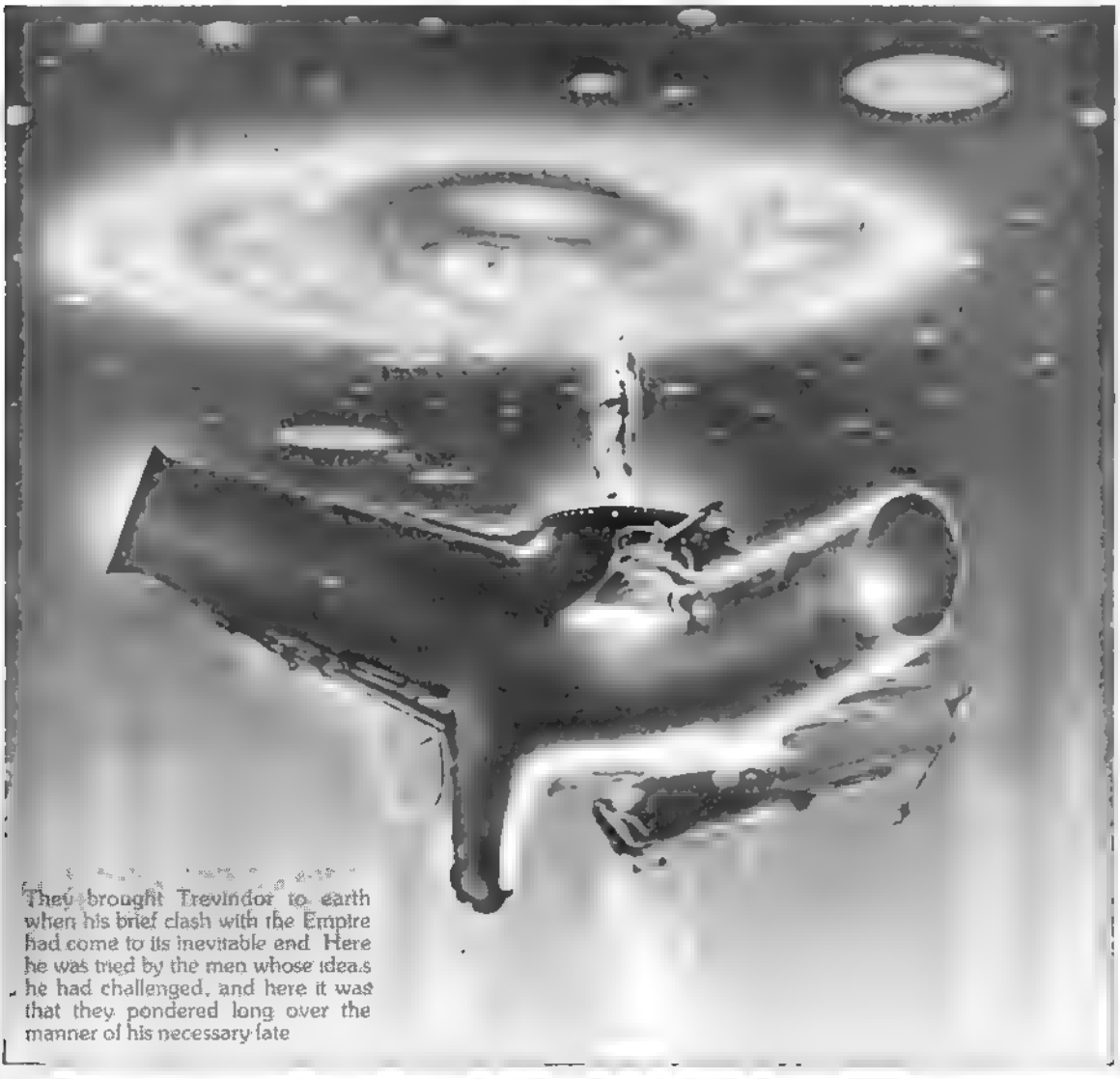
The blanket that would one day be chalk began to thicken at the rate of an inch or two every century


Mankind knew no

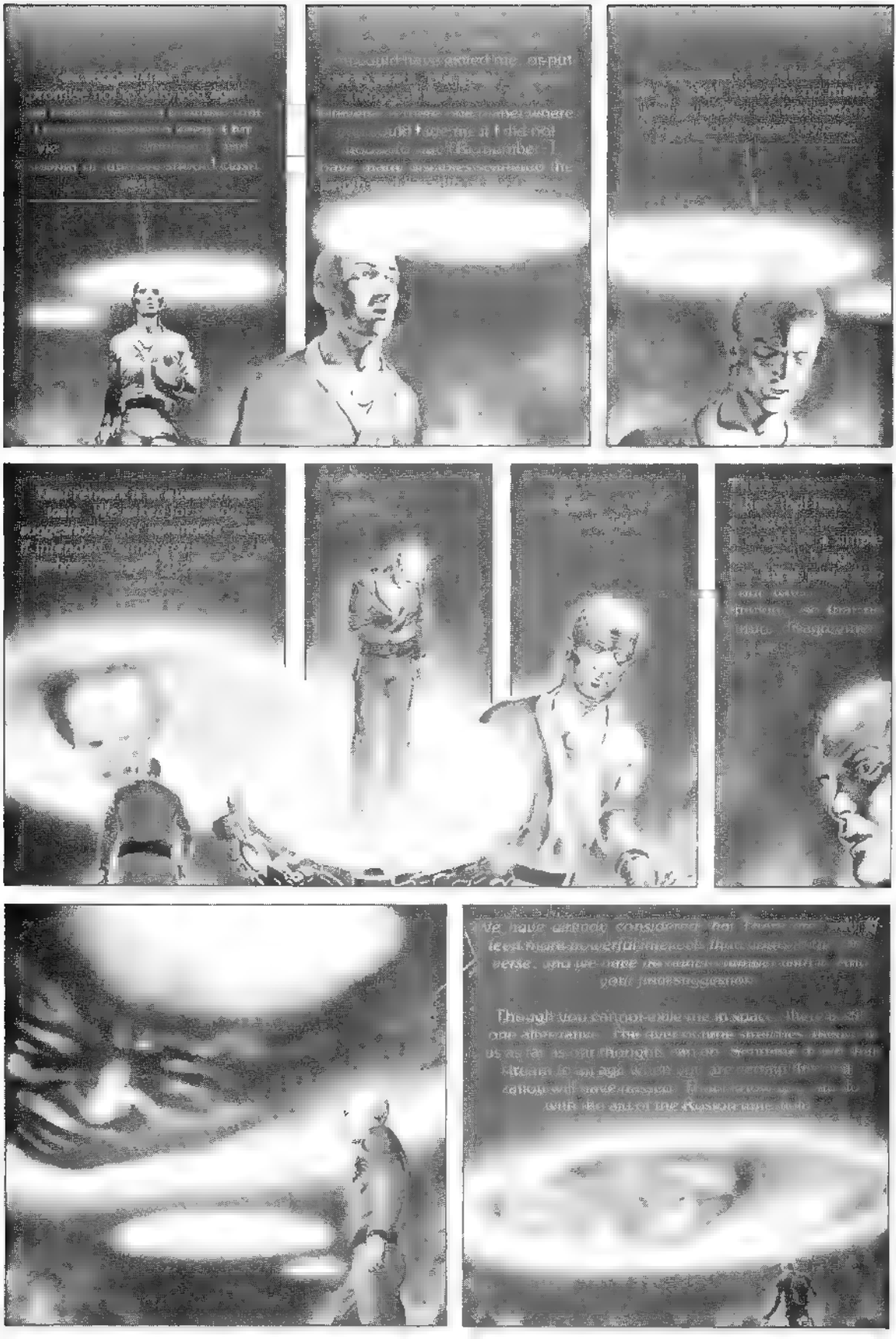

Now the rain and the rivers were washing away the chalk and carrying it out to the strange new oceans, and the surface was moving down toward the hidden tomb



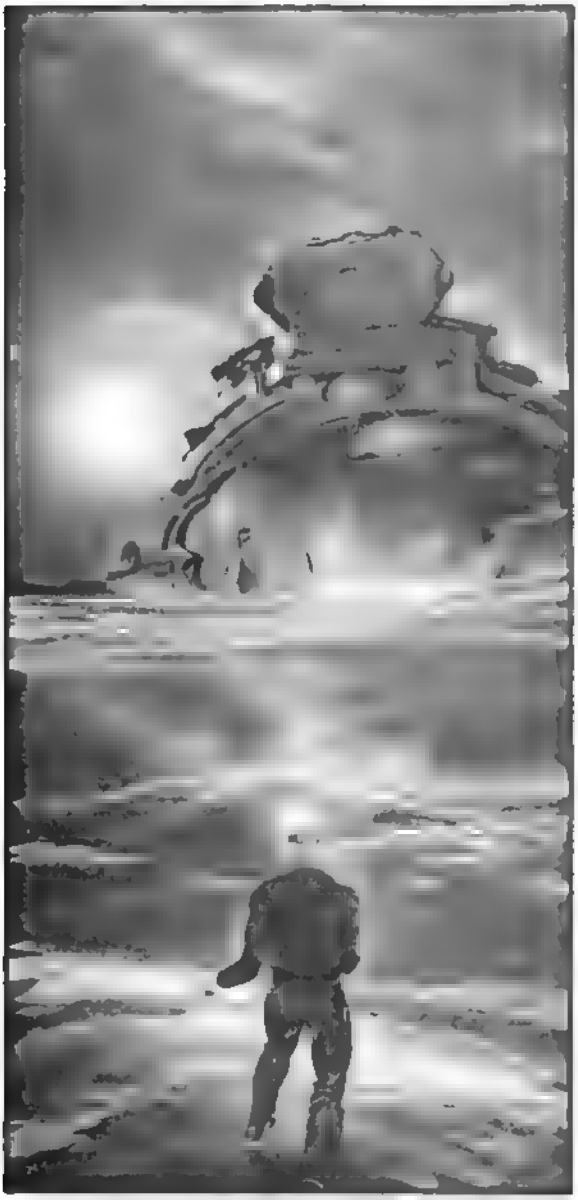
Very far away, was that morning now when the dust was veiling them, and to the east the sun was rising, and the land was revealed. But still the children of Adam mused its seas and skies

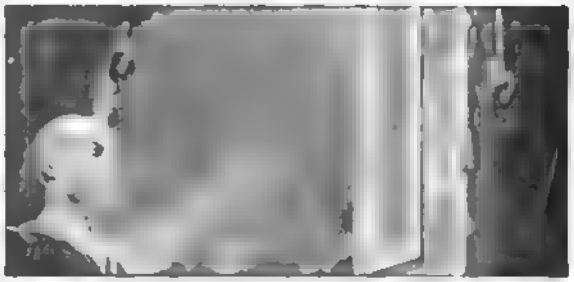


They brought Trevindor to earth when his brief clash with the Empire had come to its inevitable end. Here he was tried by the men whose ideals he had challenged, and here it was that they pondered long over the manner of his necessary fate



Trevindor waited as the Council deliberated
It's agreed. We will send you to an age when the sun is
warm enough for life to exist
remote that any trace of our
to survive. We will also provide you with every
thing necessary for your safety and reason
able comfort. You may leave us now.
will call for you again as soon as all
arrangements have been made
the
the





TO TREVINDOR,

THE GREETINGS OF THE COUNCIL. THIS BUILDING, WHICH WE HAVE SENT AFTER YOU THROUGH THE TIME-FIELD, WILL SUPPLY ALL YOUR NEEDS FOR AN INDEFINITE PERIOD.

WE DO NOT KNOW IF CIVILIZATION WILL STILL EXIST IN THE AGE IN WHICH YOU FIND YOURSELF. MAN MAY NOW BE EXTINCT, SINCE THE CHROMOSOME K STAR K WILL HAVE BECOME DOMINANT AND THE RACE MAY HAVE EVOLVED INTO SOMETHING NO LONGER HUMAN. THAT IS FOR YOU TO DISCOVER.

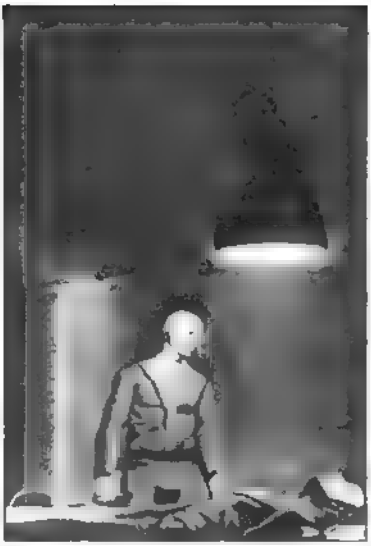
YOU ARE NOW IN THE TWILIGHT OF THE EARTH AND IT IS OUR HOPE THAT YOU ARE NOT ALONE. BUT IF IT IS YOUR DESTINY TO BE THE LAST LIVING CREATURE ON THIS ONCE LOVELY WORLD, REMEMBER THAT THE CHOICE WAS YOURS.

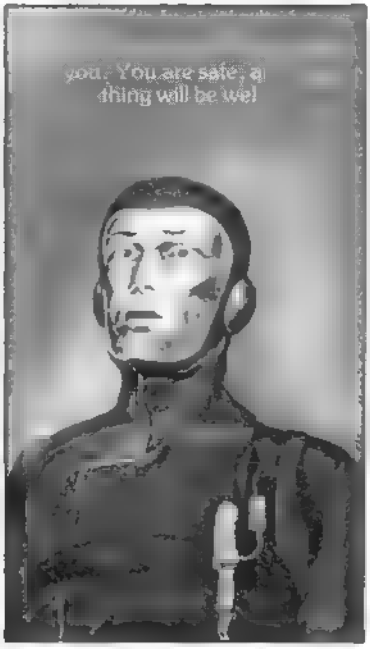
FAREWELL.

FAREWELL
So the months passed while the Castle began his methodical exploration of the world

Thousands of square miles of desert passed beneath Trevindor's fleeting ship as he searched the world from pole to pole.
Only once did he find any sign that earth had known civilization.
Trevindor's mind reeled as he tried to imagine the creatures that had occupied the strange buildings. The only openings were horizontal slots close to the ground.
oliness, Trevindor felt that

Once, he actually discovered life.





Fear and caution were creeping back into the Master's mind. What manner of creature was this, that could read his thoughts and knew what was lurking in his secret sphere?

"Once more I tell you that you have nothing to fear. Why are you alarmed because I can see into your mind? Surely there is nothing strange about that."

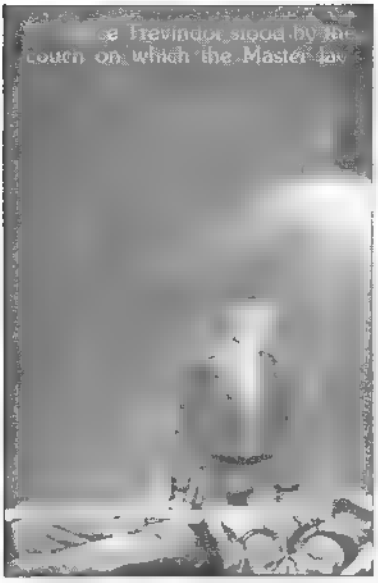
"Nothing strange!" cried the Master. "Who are you—what are you for God's sake?"

"A man like yourself. Your race must be primitive indeed if the reading of thoughts is foreign to you."

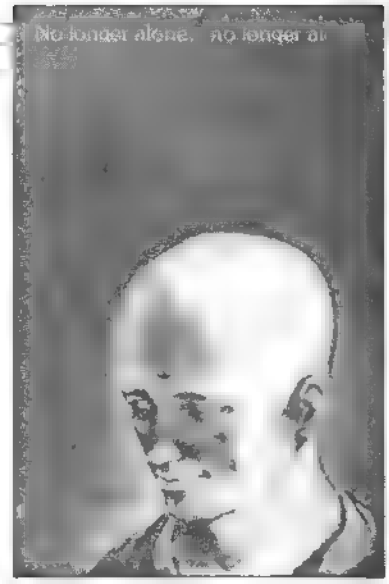
A terrible suspicion began to dawn in the Master's brain.

"You have slept infinitely longer than a hundred years. The world you knew has ceased to be for longer than you can imagine."

The Master heard no more. Once again he sank down into unconsciousness.

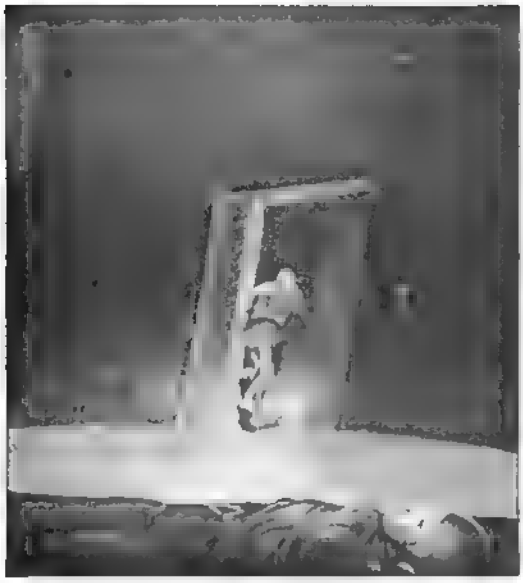

e Trevindor stood by the
couch on which the Master lay

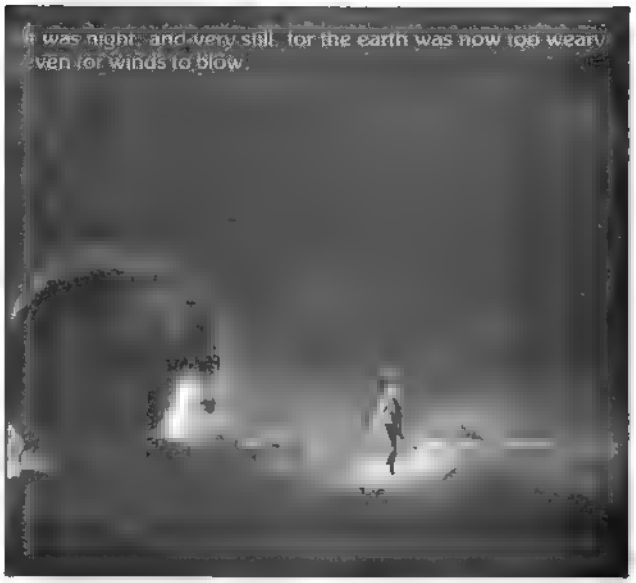
He was filled with an elation which
for the moment outweighed any
disappointment he might feel. At
least, he would no longer have to
face the future alone


No longer alone. No longer al

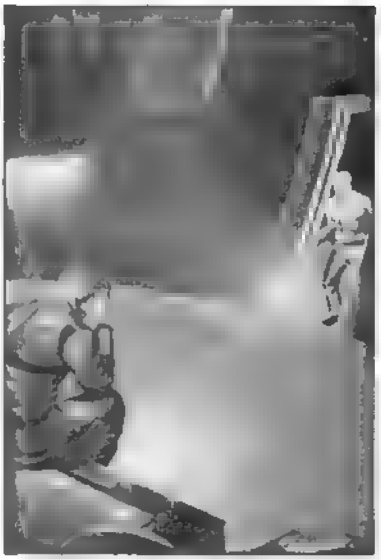
What kind of world was this? Could
Man have sunk so low from the
peaceful age Trevindor had known?

Suddenly the truth dawned on Frewinder. This was no exile seeking refuge from an age of horror! This was the very creator of that horror, who had embarked on the river of time to spread contagion down to later years.



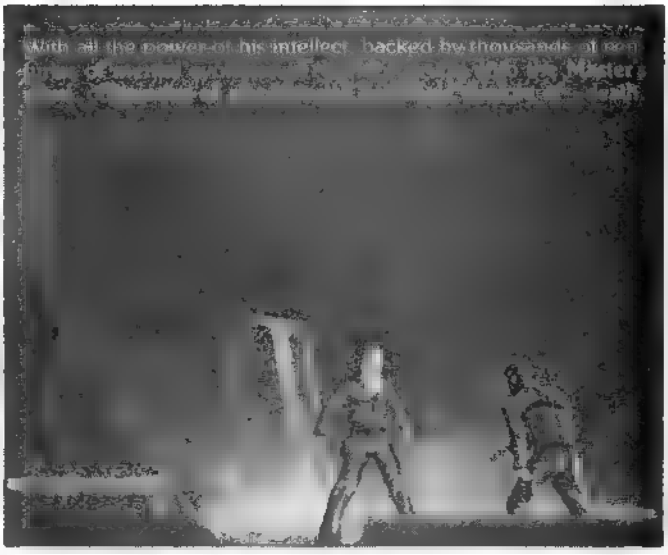

It was night, and very still, for the earth was now too weary even for winds to blow.

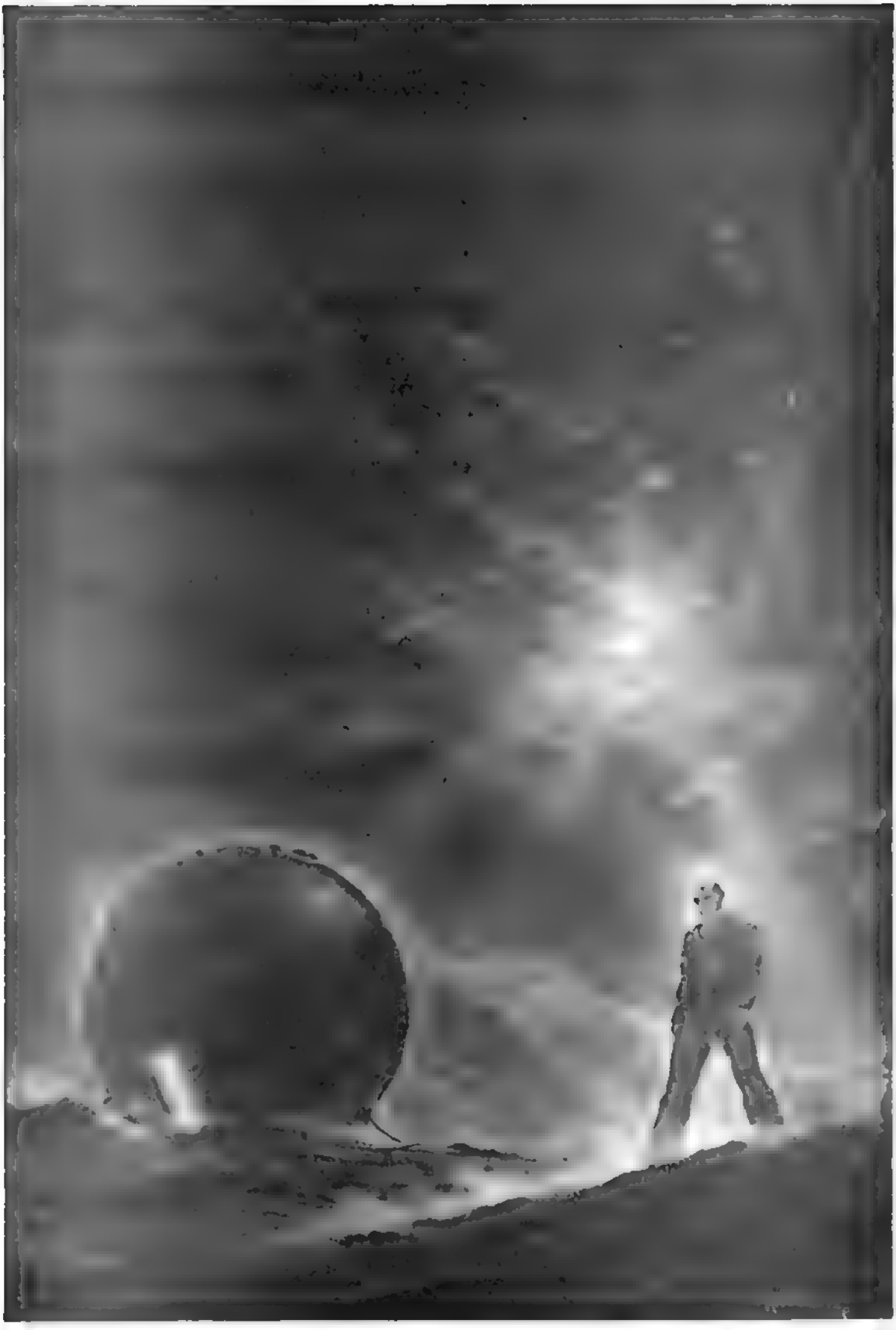
Once he had been alone, and he had imagined nothing more dreadful. But now he knew that there were things more fearful even than solitude.

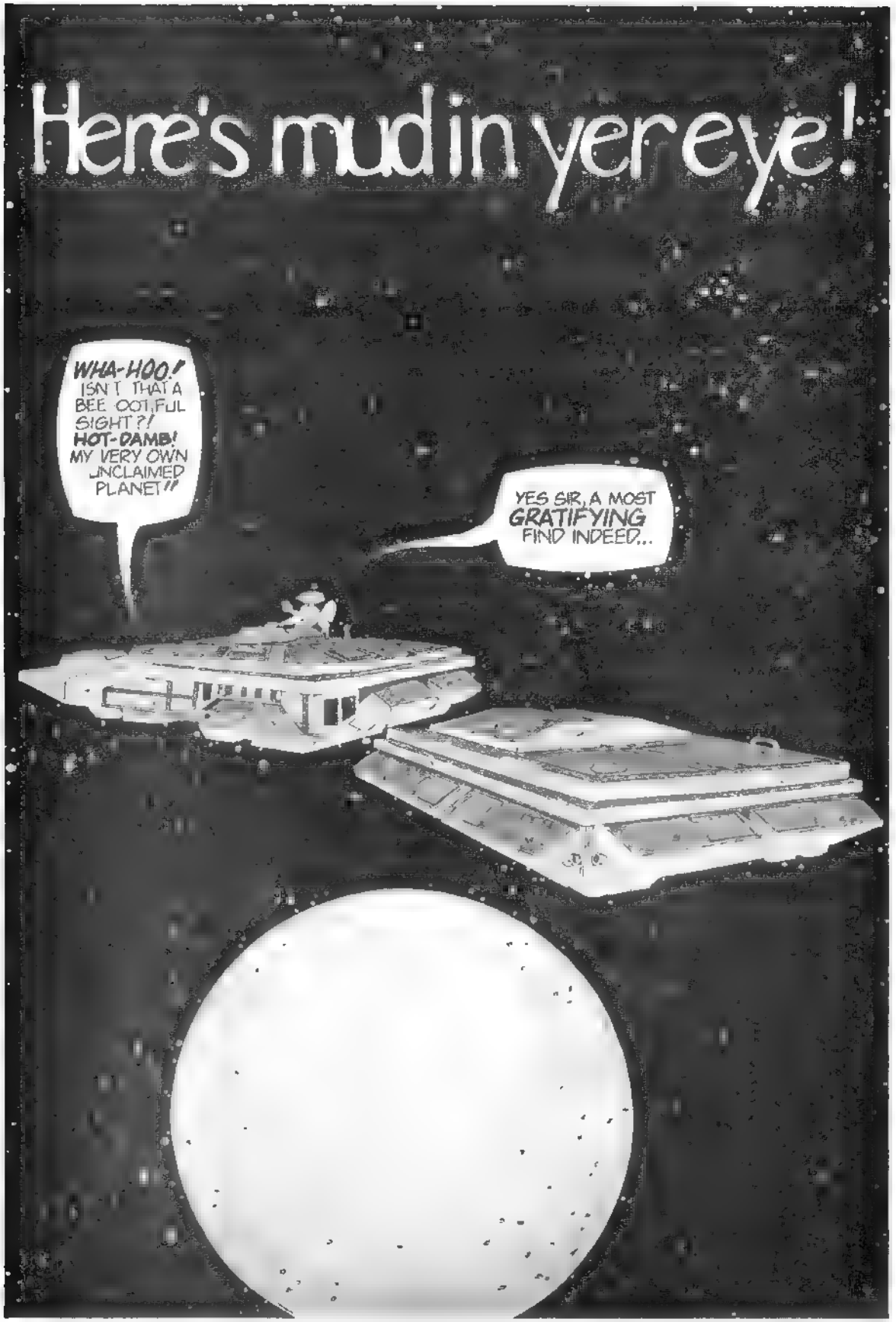


Why do you look at me like

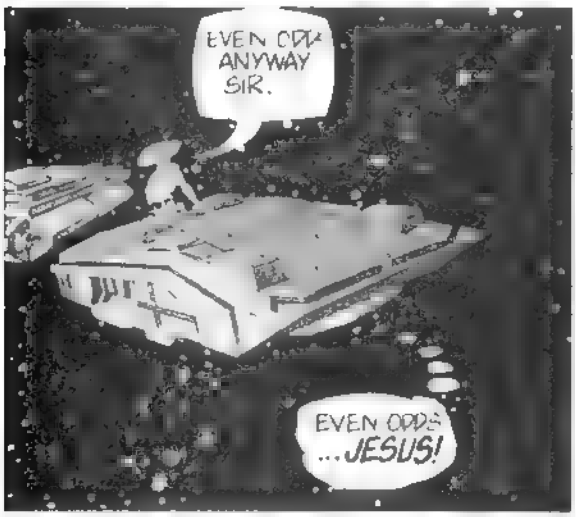
his mind, aloof from con tion, he marshalled his ution and all his strength


With all the power of his intellect, backed by thousands of men

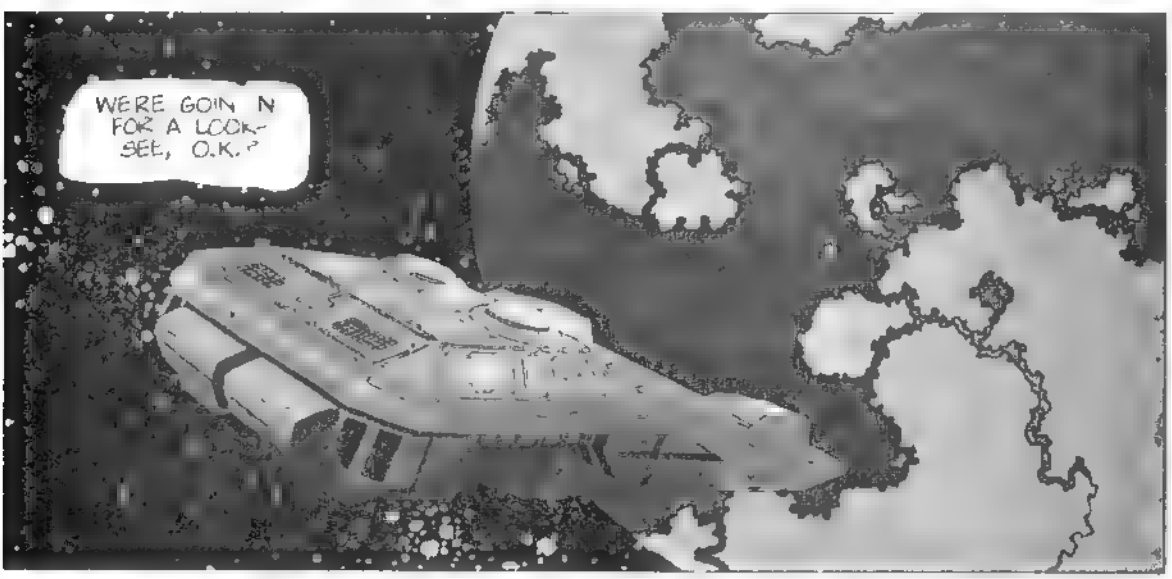



Here's mud in yer eye!
WHA-HOO! ISN'T THAT A BEE OOT.FUL SIGHT?! HOT-DAMB! MY VERY OWN UNCLAIMED PLANET!!
YES SIR, A MOST GRATIFYING FIND INDEED...

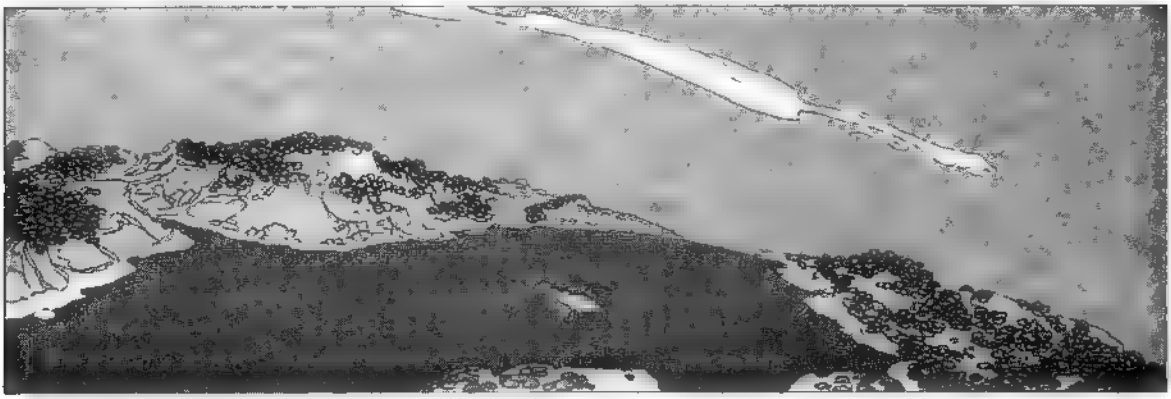
IT'S A CLASS 'A' PLANET 98.3% OXY-NORM ATMOSPHERE DEFINITLEY HOSPITABLE, SIR
NOT TOO BIG NOT TOO SMALL AN' GOOD ATMOSPHERE BY THE LOOKS O' HER WHAT D'YA SAY BOY?


EVEN ODDS ANYWAY SIR.
EVEN ODDS ...JESUS!

ALRIGHT YOU WORTHLESS TIN CROCK GET TO WORK JETTISON THE TRAILER!

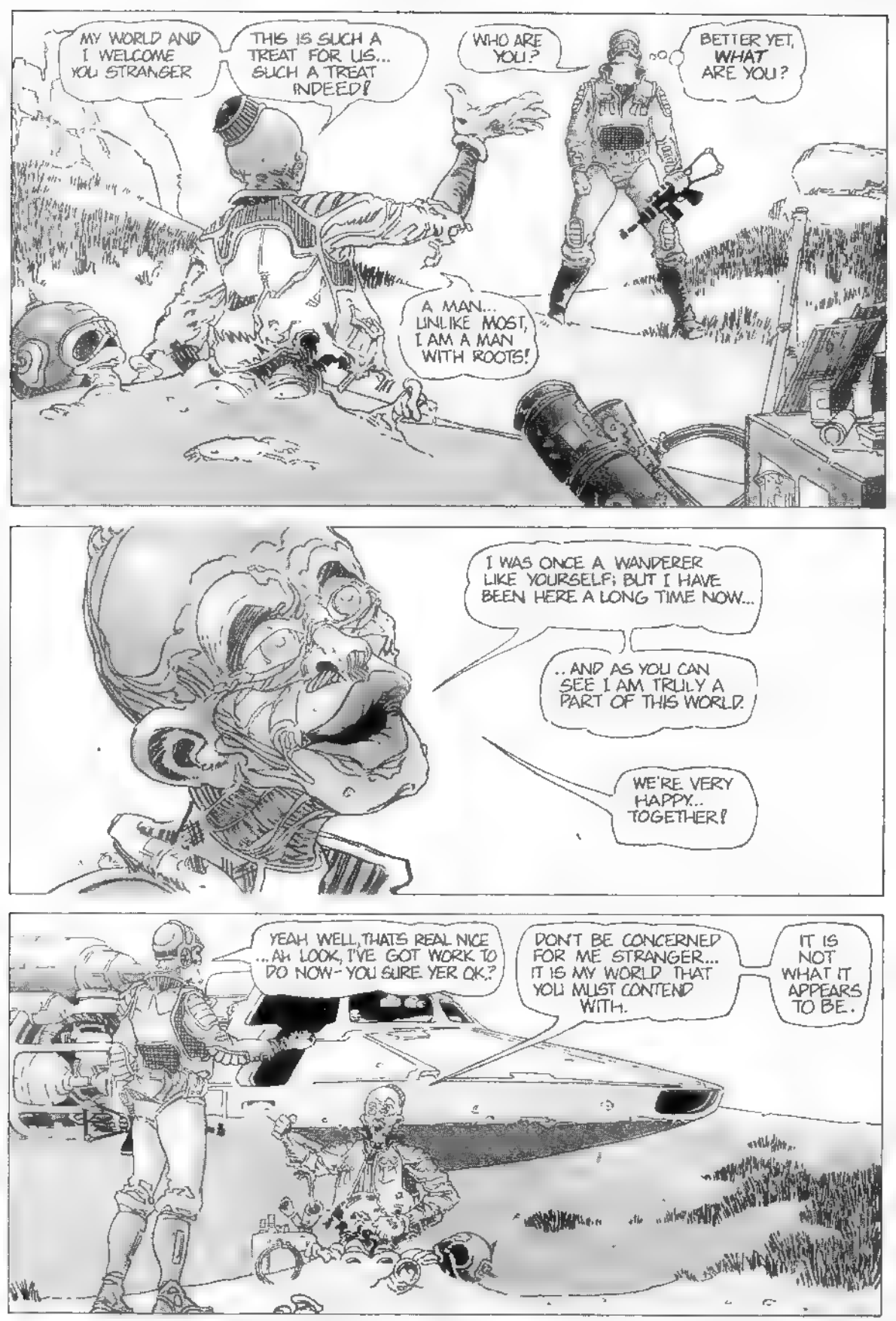

WERE GOIN N FOR A LOOK-SEE, O.K.?

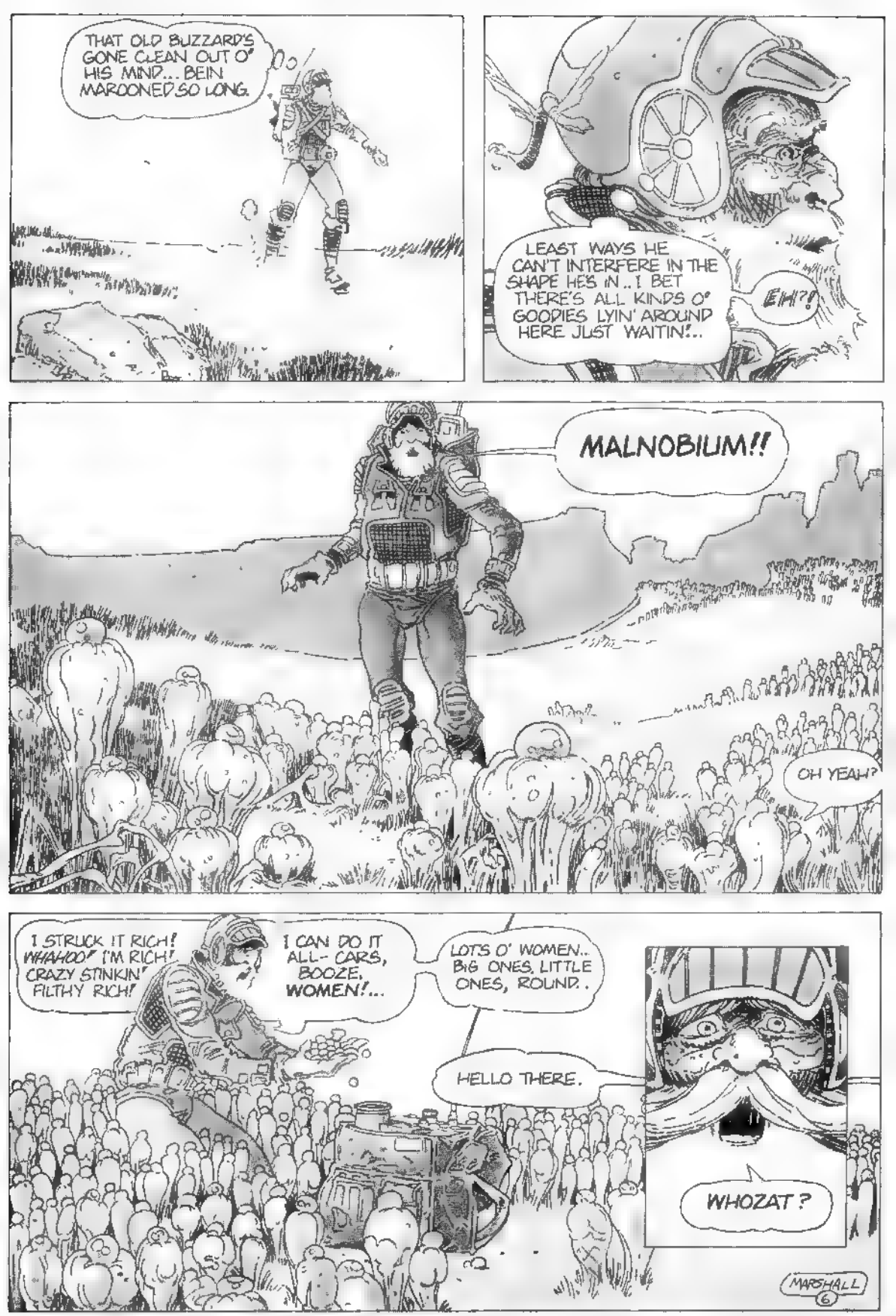
OLD DOODLER MEGANICKEL WAS A SCAVENGER; ONE O' THEM INTERSTELLAR JUNKMEN... AN UNCLAIMED PLANET WAS EVERY SCAVENGERS DREAM. SO CRAZY OLD DOODLER WAS IN A MIGHTY BIG RUSH TO GET DOWN AND EXPLORE "HIS" PLANET.

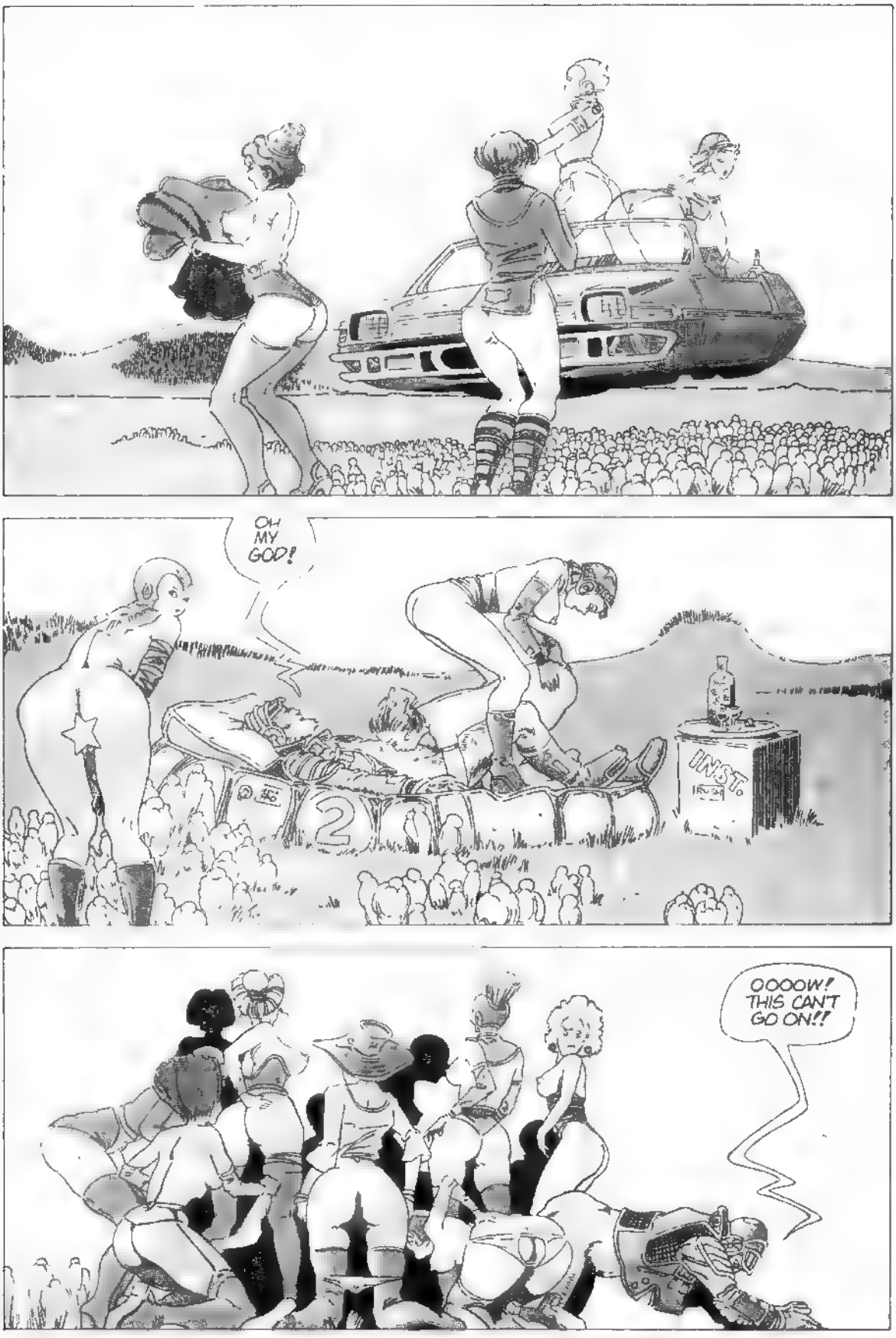


FACT IS HE BLEW HIS HEAT SHIELDS CLEAN OFF TRYIN' TO SLOW DOWN TO PLANETARY CRUISE SPEED!

AND IT'S ALL MINE, RIGHT? THE WHOLE FLAMIN THING IS MINE!
WHAT?
UH, YES SIR, BUT BUT THERE'S SMOKE DOWN THERE.
DOODLER WAS FIT TO BE TIED! AFTER LANDING THE BOAT HE WENT STOMPING OVER TO WHERE THAT THERE SMOKE COME FROM
HEY!
WHAT IN THE NAME O' ALL HELL IS THE MEANIN' OF THIS?
WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' ON THIS HERE GODDAM PLANET
THIS HERE.
WHAT THE


MY WORLD AND I WELCOME YOU STRANGER
THIS IS SUCH A TREAT FOR US... SUCH A TREAT INDEED!
WHO ARE YOU?
BETTER YET, WHAT ARE YOU?
A MAN... UNLIKE MOST, I AM A MAN WITH ROOTS!
I WAS ONCE A WANDERER LIKE YOURSELF; BUT I HAVE BEEN HERE A LONG TIME NOW...
.. AND AS YOU CAN SEE I AM TRULY A PART OF THIS WORLD.
WE'RE VERY HAPPY... TOGETHER!
YEAH WELL, THATS REAL NICE ...AH LOOK, I'VE GOT WORK TO DO NOW - YOU SURE YER OK.?
DON'T BE CONCERNED FOR ME STRANGER... IT IS MY WORLD THAT YOU MUST CONTEND WITH.
IT IS NOT WHAT IT APPEARS TO BE.


THAT OLD BUZZARD'S GONE CLEAN OUT O' HIS MIND... BEIN MAROONED SO LONG.
LEAST WAYS HE CAN'T INTERFERE IN THE SHAPE HE'S IN..! BET THERE'S ALL KINDS O' GOODIES LYIN' AROUND HERE JUST WAITIN'...
EH?!
MALNOBIUM!!
OH YEAH?
I STRUCK IT RICH! WHAHOO! I'M RICH! CRAZY STINKIN' FILTHY RICH!
I CAN DO IT ALL- CARS, BOOZE, WOMEN!...
LOTS O' WOMEN.. BIG ONES, LITTLE ONES, ROUND.
HELLO THERE.
WHOZAT?
MARSHALL 6


OH MY GOD!
UNIST.
OOOOW! THIS CAN'T GO ON!!

AS SUDDENLY AS THEY APPEARED THEY BLEW AWAY... JUST LIKE WOMEN AND RICHES REALLY. AN' DOODLER WAS LEFT PRETTY MUCH ALONE AND CONFUSED.
BUT NOT FOR LONG.
THAT SON OF A BITCH! THAT SCRAWNY CREEP- IN THE GROUND IS IN BACK OF THIS!
HE SAID THINGS WEREN'T WHAT THEY LOOKED LIKE- BUT SHIT! HE'S PULLIN' SOMETHIN' OFF HERE!
I'M GONNA MAKE YOU TALK CREEP Y'HEAR?
SURE COULD USE ME A PACK-BIRD.
FIRST I'M GONNA FIND OUT WHERE EVERY- THING DISAPPEARS TO..
ALL MY DREAMS COME TRUE. THEN POOF! ALMOST LIKE ..
OH GOD ALMIGHTY.
MARSHALL
8

AH YOU'VE COME FOR YOUR BIRD DOODLER! I THREW IN A LITTLE HELPER FOR YOU TOO.. CHUCKLE!
THE OLD FARTS A MIND READER! HE CAN MAKE THINGS APPEAR AN' DISAPPEAR!
I CAME TO FIND OUT WHAT'S THE CATCH HERE YOU OLD GOLPHER WHAT'S THE RULES TO YER GAME?
AH YES, BUT THAT'S IT DOODLER...THAT'S THE CATCH! THERE ARE NO RULES IN MY WORLD. NOTHING IS CONSTANT HERE.
SO GO ABOUT YOUR WORK DOODLER MEGANICKEL... BUT TAKE CARE - YOU MAY FIND ALL THAT YOU WISH FOR... AND MORE!!

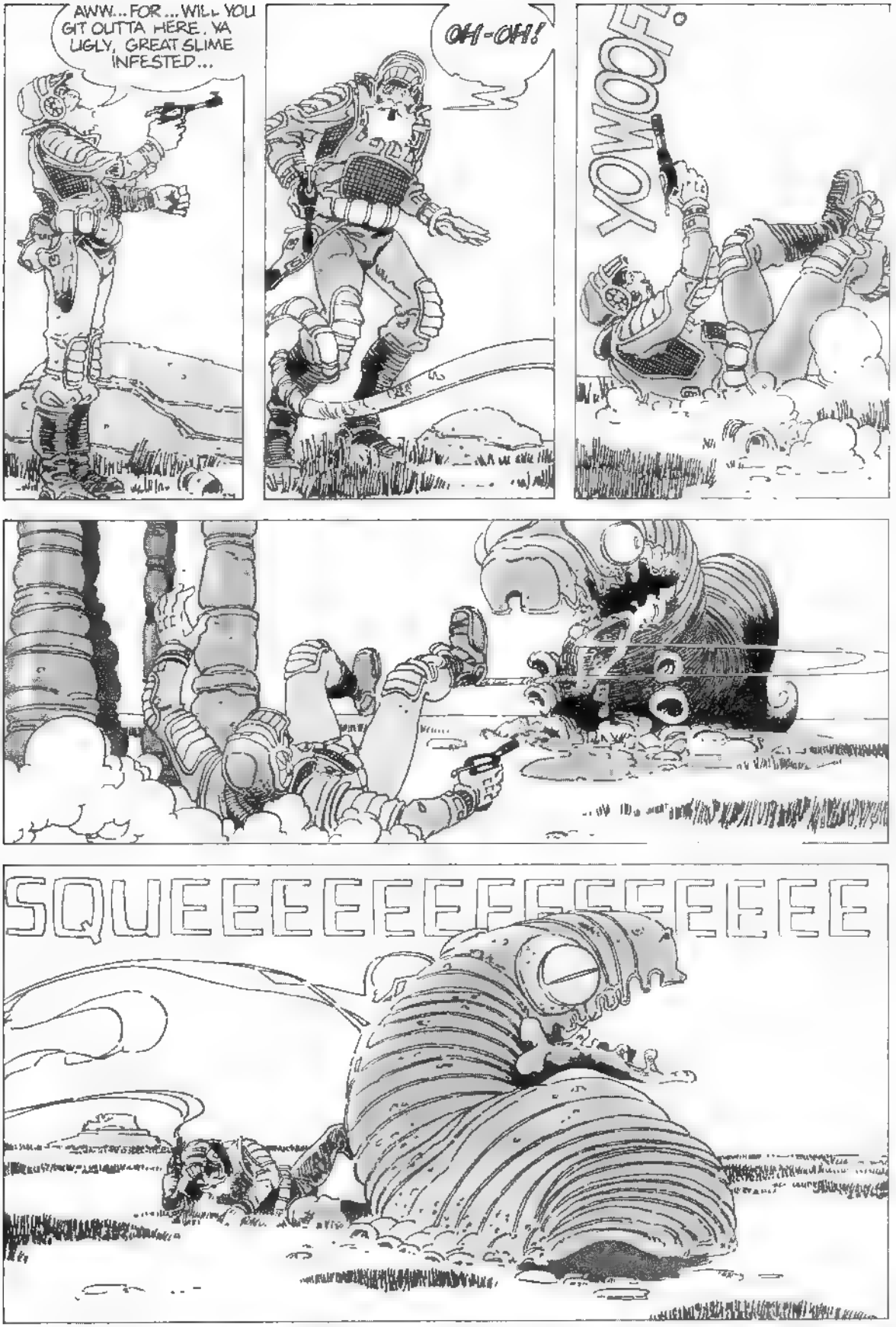
AS IF OLD DOODLER MEGANICKEL KNEW ANYTHING-HE ALWAYS KNEW WHEN HE'D BEEN OUT-TALKED AND THE ONLY COME BACK TO BEIN' OUT-TALKED IS TO GO AWAY... SO THAT'S JUST WHAT DOODLER DID.

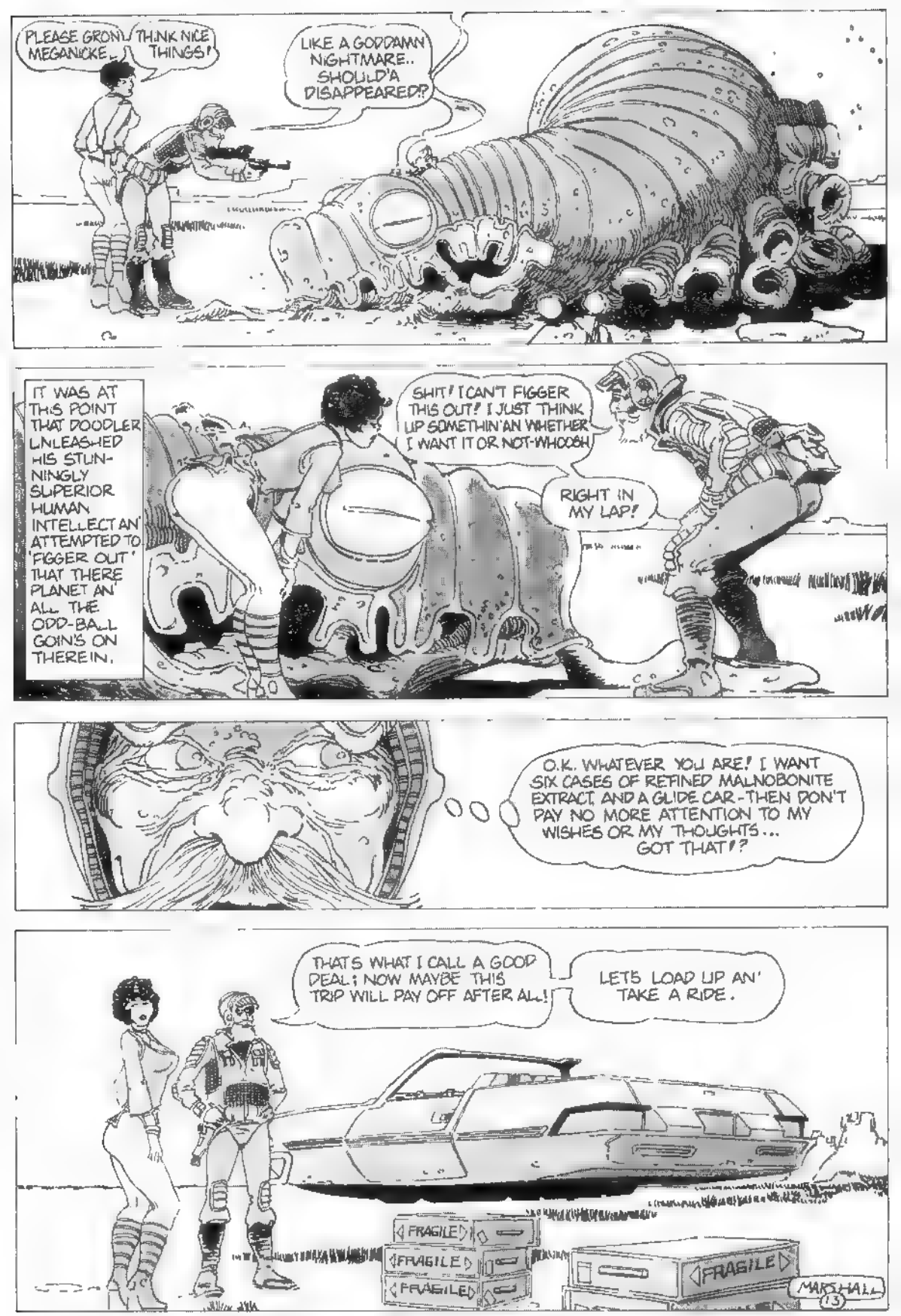
YOU HOPED IT WOULD BE LIKE THIS "GRON" MEGANICKEL. SO, OF COURSE IT IS.. YOUR EVERY WISH...
DAMN THE WISHING!
I DON'T TRUST THE WHOLE SNEAKY BUSINESS!
MARSHALL

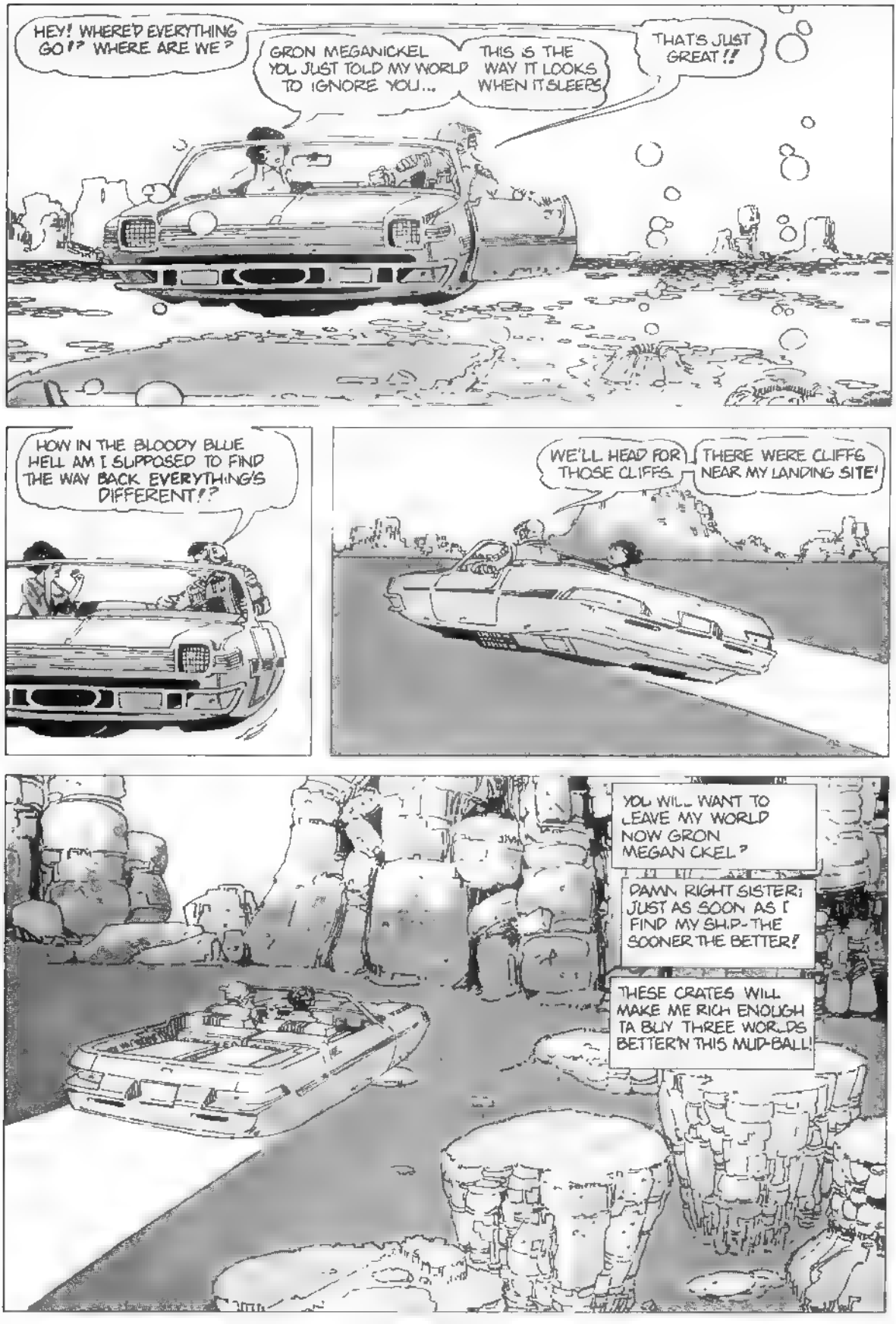
... GIVES ME THE CREEPS! WHAT HAPPENS IF I DREAM UP SOME SNAG-TOOTHED SCALY, SLIME MONSTER?
NOOO! STOP!

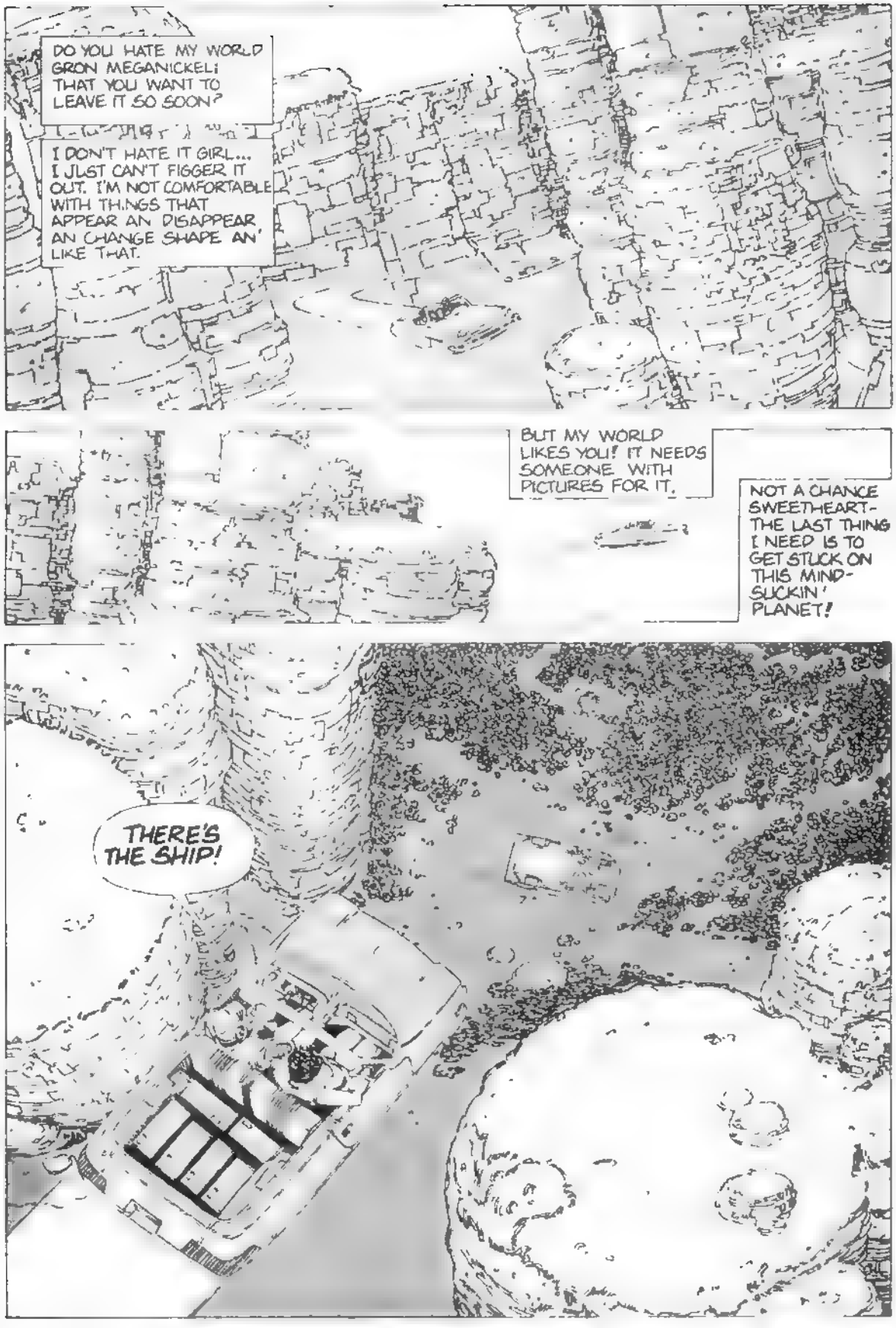
IT'S TOO LATE.. GRON MEGANICKEL, LOOK OUT!
!!?

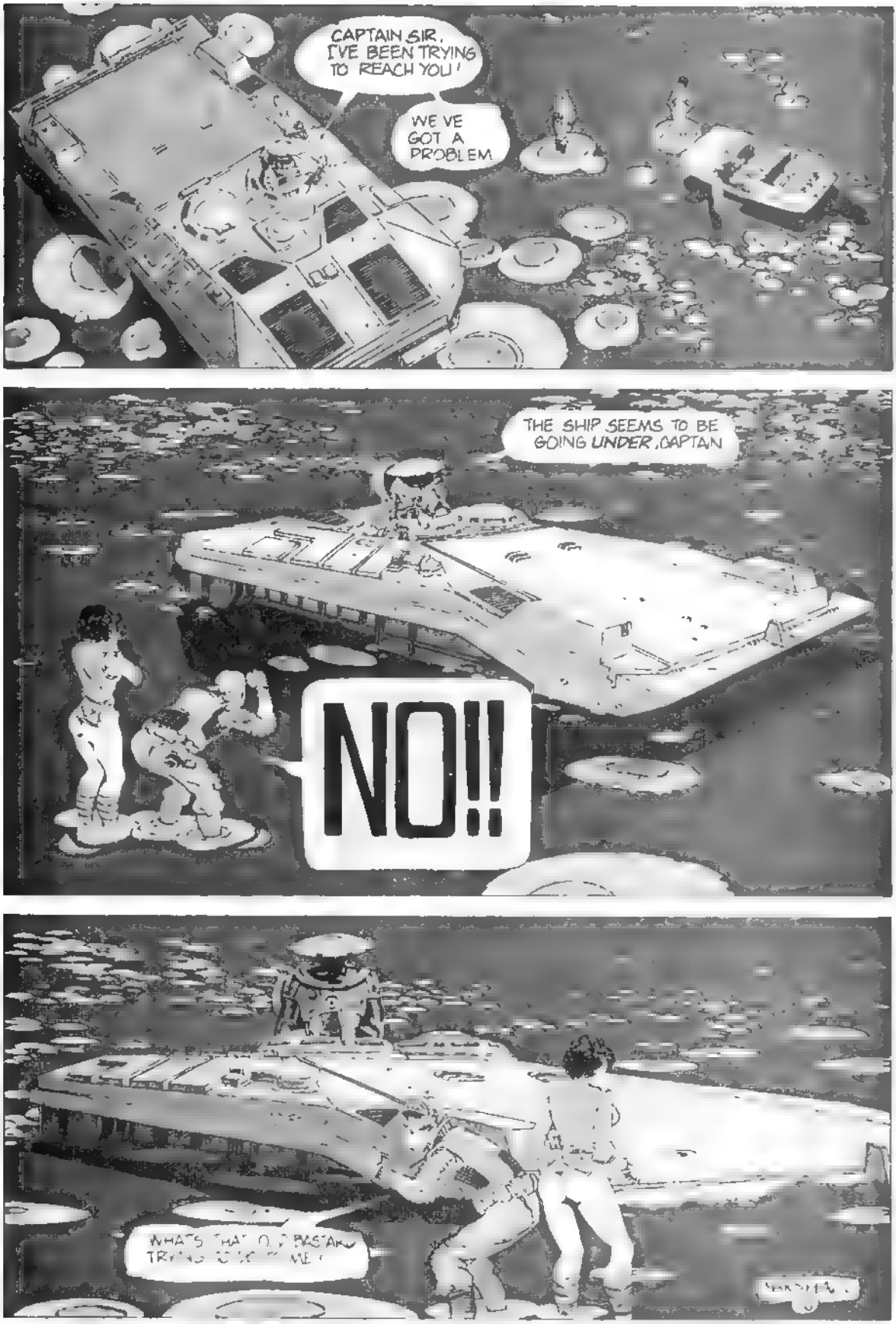
!?
ANOTHER DANGED DELUSION!
GO AWAY SNOT-FACE!
MARSHALL
11


AWW... FOR ... WILL YOU GIT OUTTA HERE, YA UGLY, GREAT SLIME INFESTED...
OH-OH!
KOWOOF!
SQUEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE


PLEASE GRONK MEGANICKE.. THINK NICE THINGS!
LIKE A GODDAMN NIGHTMARE.. SHOULD'A DISAPPEARED!?
IT WAS AT THIS POINT THAT DOODLER UNLEASHED HIS STUN-NINGLY SUPERIOR HUMAN INTELLECT AN' ATTEMPTED TO 'FIGGER OUT' THAT THERE PLANET AN' ALL THE ODD-BALL GOIN'S ON THEREIN.
SHIT! I CAN'T FIGGER THIS OUT! I JUST THINK UP SOMETHIN' AN WHETHER I WANT IT OR NOT-WHOOSH
RIGHT IN MY LAP!
O.K. WHATEVER YOU ARE! I WANT SIX CASES OF REFINED MALNOBONITE EXTRACT, AND A GLIDE CAR - THEN DON'T PAY NO MORE ATTENTION TO MY WISHES OR MY THOUGHTS... GOT THAT!?
THAT'S WHAT I CALL A GOOD DEAL; NOW MAYBE THIS TRIP WILL PAY OFF AFTER ALL!
LET'S LOAD UP AN' TAKE A RIDE.
FRAGILE
FRAGILE
FRAGILE
FRAGILE
MARSHALL
13

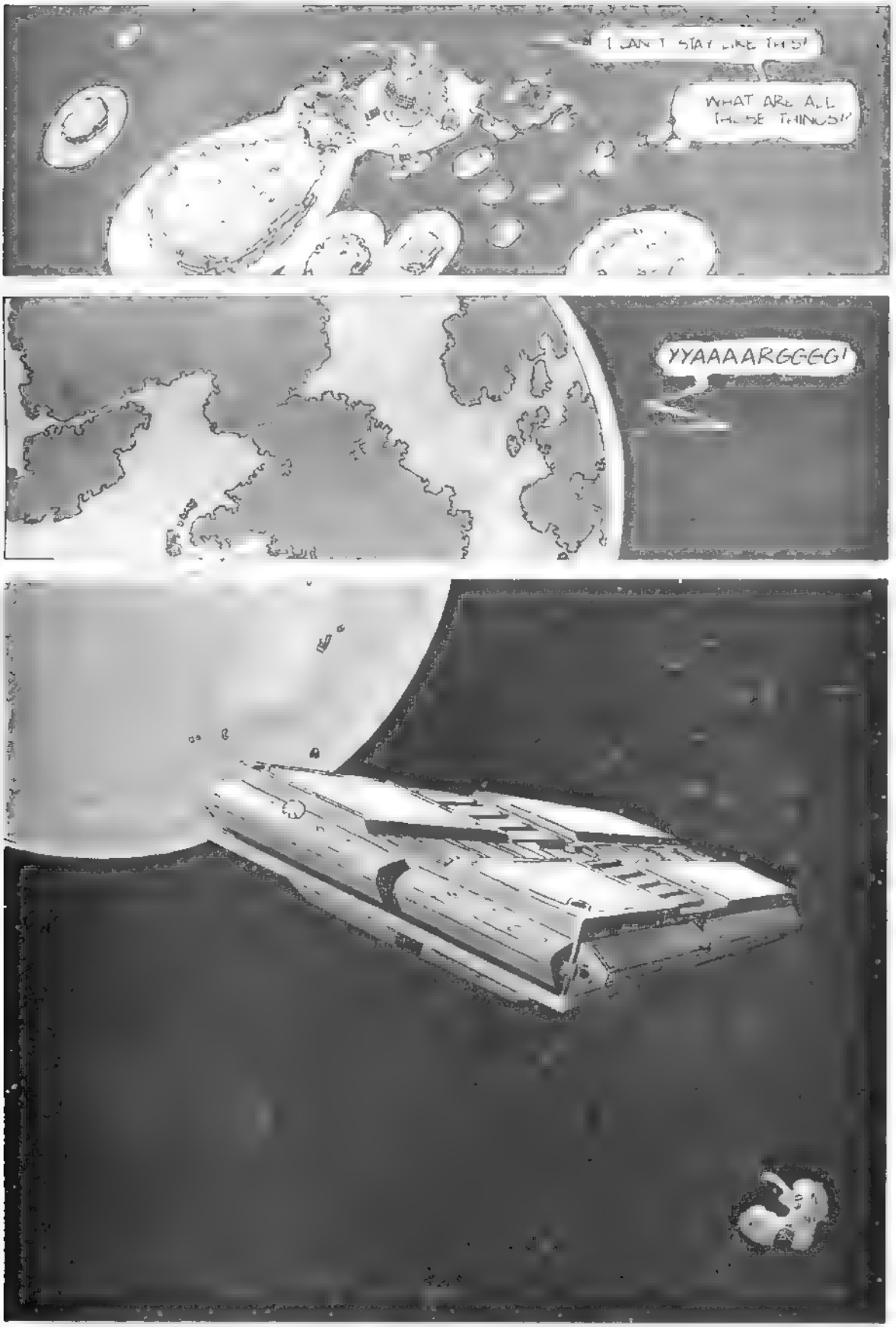

HEY! WHERE'D EVERYTHING GO!? WHERE ARE WE?
GRON MEGANICKEL YOU JUST TOLD MY WORLD TO IGNORE YOU...
THIS IS THE WAY IT LOOKS WHEN IT SLEEPS
THAT'S JUST GREAT!!
HOW IN THE BLOODY BLUE HELL AM I SUPPOSED TO FIND THE WAY BACK. EVERYTHING'S DIFFERENT!?
WE'LL HEAD FOR THOSE CLIFFS.
THERE WERE CLIFFS NEAR MY LANDING SITE!
YOU WILL WANT TO LEAVE MY WORLD NOW GRON MEGAN CKEL?
DAMN RIGHT SISTER; JUST AS SOON AS I FIND MY SHIP- THE SOONER THE BETTER!
THESE CRATES WILL MAKE ME RICH ENOUGH TA BUY THREE WORLDS BETTER'N THIS MUD-BALL!


DO YOU HATE MY WORLD GRON MEGANICKEL! THAT YOU WANT TO LEAVE IT SO SOON?
I DON'T HATE IT GIRL... I JUST CAN'T FIGGER IT OUT. I'M NOT COMFORTABLE WITH TH.NGS THAT APPEAR AN DISAPPEAR, AN CHANGE SHAPE AN' LIKE THAT.
BUT MY WORLD LIKES YOU! IT NEEDS SOMEONE WITH PICTURES FOR IT.
NOT A CHANCE SWEETHEART- THE LAST THING I NEED IS TO GET STUCK ON THIS MIND-SUCKIN' PLANET!
THERE'S THE SHIP!

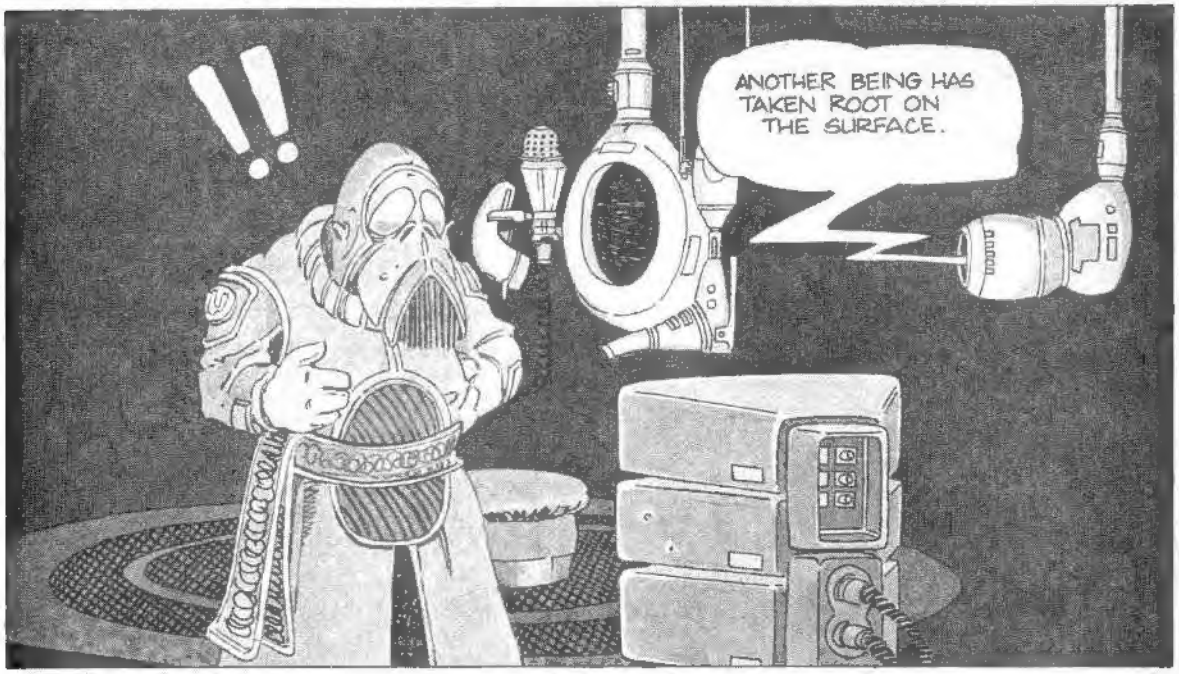

CAPTAIN SIR, I'VE BEEN TRYING TO REACH YOU!
WE'VE GOT A PROBLEM
THE SHIP SEEMS TO BE GOING UNDER, CAPTAIN
NO!!
WHAT'S THAT OLD BASTARD

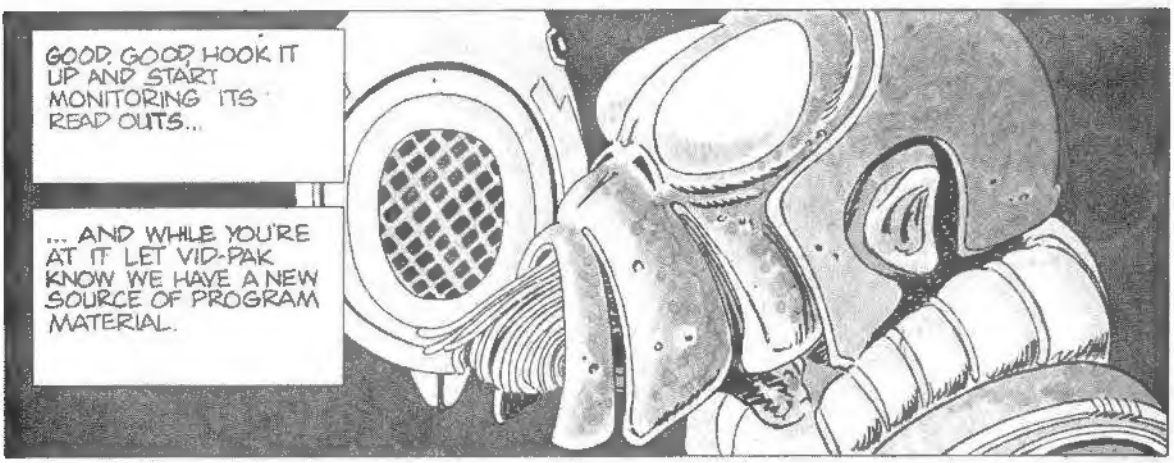
DAMN YOL'
WHAT IS THIS?! I WANT OFF YOUR GOOD FOR NOTHIN' PLANET!
COME SIT DOWN DOODLER YOU LOOK TIRED
I WISH I NEVER CAME HERE! I WISH I WAS IN MY SHIP AN NEVER HEARD O' YER STINKIN WORLD!!
YOU GAVE UP WISHING REMEMBER?
BESIDES

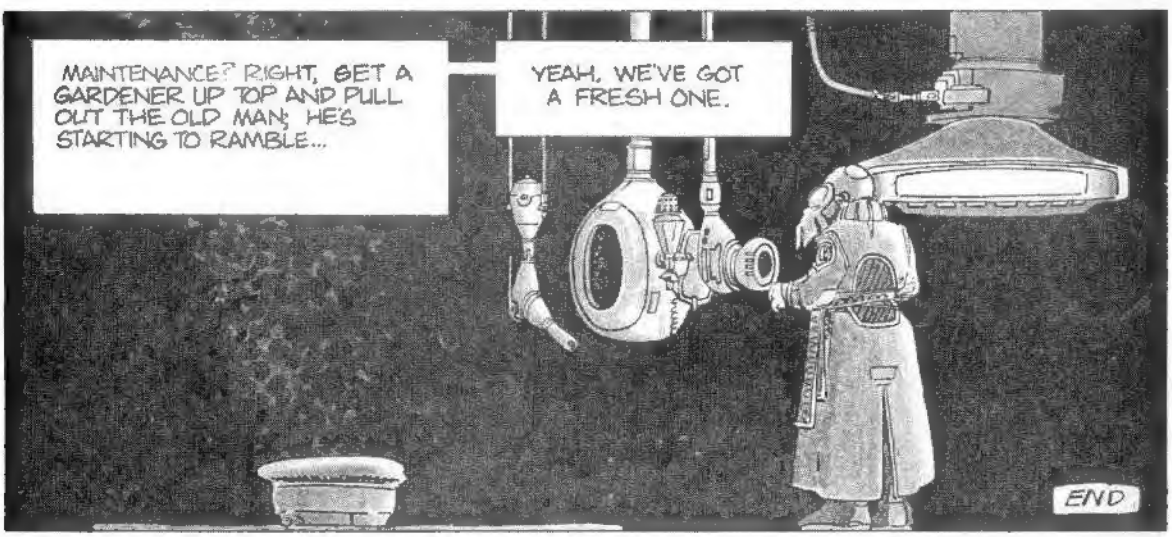
NNNNYYAAAHHHH!!!
I'M AFRAID YOU'RE STUCK HERE, JUST LIKE ME.
LET ME OUTTA HERE!!
WHAD'YA MEAN YOU CAN'T!??
YOU FISHED ME INTO THIS YOU GODDAM BETTER GET ME OUT!!


I CAN'T STAY LIKE THIS!
WHAT ARE ALL THESE THINGS?
YYAAAARGGGG!

FAR DOWN IN THE PITS AT THE PLANET'S CORE...




GOOD. GOOD. HOOK IT UP AND START MONITORING ITS READ OUTS...
... AND WHILE YOU'RE AT IT LET VID-PAK KNOW WE HAVE A NEW SOURCE OF PROGRAM MATERIAL.



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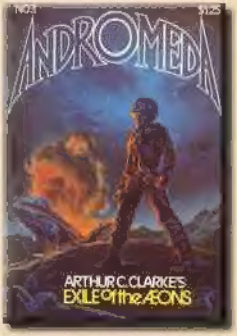

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